

{ Subscription Price,
{ \$5.00 a Year, in Advance

SACRAMENTO.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE,
Santa Clara, California.

Under the management of the Fathers
of the Society of Jesus.

THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE WAS FOUND-
ed in 1851, and in 1852 was incorporated, with the
privileges of a University. Diplomas are given in two
departments—the Classic and Scientific.

The College buildings are large and commodious,
while extensive play-grounds, with two covered gym-
nasiums, a swimming-pond, etc., afford every facility
for healthful exercise.

The College possesses a very complete philosophical
apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and
Geology. It has, also, practical schools of Telegraphy,
Photography and Surveying. Assaying of native ores
is taught in a thoroughly fitted chemical laboratory.

The Scholastic Year, which is divided into two ses-
sions of five months each, commences in August, and
closes toward the beginning of June.

TERMS.

Payable semi-annually in advance:

Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once.....\$15 00
Board, Lodging, Tuition, Washing and Mending
of Lunch, School Stationery, Medical Attend-
ance and Medicines, Baths, Fuel, Light per
year.....350 00

Modern Languages, Drawing, and Music form extra
charges. For clothing, Books, Pocket-money, and the
like, no advance made by the Institution.

For further particulars, apply to
REV. A. VARS, S. J., President.
jani-tf

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME

San Jose, California.

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

THIS INSTITUTION, WHICH IS INCORPO-
rated according to the laws of the State of Cali-
fornia, and empowered to confer academical honors,
commenced the Twenty-Second Annual Session on Mon-
day, August 10th, 1872. The course of instruction em-
braces all the branches of a thorough education.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, to be paid but once.....\$15 00
Board and Tuition, per quarter.....62 00
Washing, per quarter.....12 00
Physicians' Fees, per quarter.....2 50

Piano, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, form ex-
tra charges; but there is no extra charge for the French,
Spanish or German Languages, nor for Plain Sewing
and Fancy Needle-work.

Payments are required to be made half a session in
advance. Pupils will find it much to their advantage
to be present at the opening of the session. jani-tf

ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE,

Los Angeles, California.

THIS Institution, chartered according to the laws of
the State of California, and empowered to confer
Degrees, is situated in the City of Los Angeles, prop-
erly for the salubrity of its climate and the beauty
of its scenery.

The faculty is composed of the FATHERS OF THE
CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION OF ST.
VINCENT DE PAUL, who devote themselves to pro-
mote the health and happiness, as well as the intellec-
tual and moral advancement of the students entrusted to
their care.

The College is open to all over the age of ten years,
who are competent to enter the primary course, and who
come with respectable recommendations, provided they
comply with the rules and discipline of the College,
which, though strict, are nevertheless mild and parental.

STUDIES.

The course of studies embraces a full course of Eng-
lish and Classical Literature, the various branches of
Mathematics, Ancient and Modern Languages, and also,
a Commercial Department, to prepare young men for
every branch of business.

TERMS:

For Board, Lodging and Tuition, per Scholastic
Year.....\$250 00
Washing, per Scholastic Year.....30 00
Piano and use of instrument, per month.....8 00
Violin, Guitar, Flute, etc., each, per month.....6 00
Vacation at the College.....40 00

Those who learn to play on one of the above named
instruments, will have the privilege of using a brass
instrument free of charge; otherwise, there will be a
charge of \$3 00 per month.

For further information, apply to
REV. JAMES MAGILL, C. M. President.
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DAY SCHOOLS

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY HAVE JUST COM-
pleted a commodious School Building on First
Street, near Bryant, where girls will be taught the var-
ious branches of an English education.

A Boy's School is being prepared on Rincon Place,
and will be placed in charge of competent teachers.
SISTER MARY B. RUSSELL,
Superior of Sister of Mercy.
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ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE,
San Francisco, California.

THIS Literary Institution, conducted by the Fathers
of the Society of Jesus, was opened for the recep-
tion of students on the 15th of October, 1855. It was
incorporated, according to the laws of the State, on the
30th of April, 1856, and empowered to confer academ-
ical degrees with "such literary honors as are granted
by any University in the United States."

The design of the Institution is to give a thorough
Classical, Mathematical and Philosophical education.
But besides the Classical, there is, also, a Commercial
Course.

The College is intended for day-scholars only.
The hours of class are from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M.
Punctual attendance is indispensable. In case of
absence or tardiness, a note from the parents or guard-
ians will be required.

Frequent tardiness or absence exposes the offender
to the loss of his seat.

Every Thursday of the Academic Year is a holiday.

TERMS PER MONTH, IN ADVANCE:

(No deduction is made except in case of long illness.)
Tuition, in Preparatory Department.....\$3 00
" in Grammar Department.....5 00
" in Higher Department.....8 00

EXTRA CHARGES:

For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy,
and Chemicals, first year, per month.....\$3 00
For the use of Instruments, etc., second year, per
month.....5 00
For each Academical Degree.....10 00
jani-tf

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco California.

CONDUCTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

Offers every facility for acquiring a thorough
Education, whether Classical, Scien-
tific, or Commercial.

THOSE WHO COMPLETE THE CLASSICAL
Course, receive the degree of A. B.; the Scien-
tific, B. S.; the Commercial, Master of Accounts.

The Commercial Course has been established for the
convenience of those who wish to acquire a good, prac-
tical education in as short a time as possible.

While proper care is bestowed on every branch in the
College, our own language receives special attention.
The daily exercises of the Students in Grammar, Com-
position and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and cor-
rected in the class-room.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

Payable half-yearly in Advance:

Board, Tuition and Washing.....\$250 00
Entrance Fee.....10 00
Physician's Fee and Medicines.....5 00
Vacation at College.....40 00
Day Students.....60 00

Modern Languages, Music and Drawing form extra
charges.

REV. BROTHER JUSTIN, President.
jani-tf

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,

Rohnerville, Humboldt County,
California

CONDUCTED BY THE PRIESTS OF THE
CONGREGATION OF THE MOST
PRECIOUS BLOOD.

THIS INSTITUTION IS SITUATED ON A
picturesque elevation at the confluence of Van
Duzen and Fel rivers, and near the town of Rohnerville.
It is accessible from the chief towns in the vicinity by
daily stages, and from other parts of the State by vessels
and steamers, via San Francisco and Eureka.

The course of studies is classical, scientific and com-
mercial. Splendid apparatus has been secured for teach-
ing the natural sciences.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

For board, lodging, tuition, washing and mend-
ing linens.....\$225 00
Entrance fee, to be paid only once.....10 00
Vacation at College.....40 00

DAY PUPILS.

Senior Class.....\$60 00
Junior Class.....40 00

Music, vocal and instrumental, drawing, and modern
languages will form extra charges. The two sessions of
the scholastic year commence, respectively, on the 16th
of August and the 16th of January.

All communications regarding the College to be ad-
dressed to the Secretary, REV. F. ANTHONY.
Very Rev. P. HENNEBERRY,
Superior.

St. CATHERINE'S SCHOOL,
Benicia, California.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST.
DOMINIC.

THIS Institution affords every facility for the acqui-
sition of a refined and solid education. The Acad-
emy was founded in 1850, and now ranks among the
most successful Educational Institutes in the State.

The course of instruction embraces the English,
French, Spanish and Latin languages, Rhetoric, Elocu-
tion, Composition, Ancient and Modern History, Biog-
raphy, Mythology, Chemistry, Geography, Astronomy,
and use of Globes; Vocal Music, Instrumental Music,
including Piano, Guitar, and Organ; Writing, Draw-
ing, Painting in Water Colors and in Oil; Tapestry,
Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, etc.

TERMS:

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

Board and Tuition, per Scholastic Year.....\$225 00
Washing.....45 00
Entrance Fee.....10 00

EXTRAS:

(Payable half-yearly.)

Piano and use of Instrument.....\$60 00
Organ " ".....50 00
Guitar " ".....50 00
Vocal Music, in Class.....20 00
Private Lessons.....40 00
Drawing and Painting in Water Colors.....30 00
Painting in Oils.....20 00
Board during Vacation.....40 00

The Academic Year consists of two equal terms, the
first commencing August 16th, the second, January 23d.
Pupils of any religious denomination will be received,
but, for the sake of uniformity, all are required to be
present at the regular religious services of the Institu-
tion.

Pupils entering after the commencement of a term are
charged for such portion of it as may remain. No de-
duction, however, will be made if the pupil is with-
drawn during the season, except in case of sickness.

Parents may rest satisfied that every attention, con-
sistent with the spirit of a firm but mild government,
will be paid to the comfort of the young ladies placed
at this Institution.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the SISTER
SUPERIOR.
my25-tf

FRANCISCAN COLLEGE,

Santa Barbara, California.

THE Sixth Session of this Institution conducted by
the FATHERS OF THE ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS, will
commence on the first Monday in August.

The object of this institution is to give a good Eng-
lish, Mathematical, Classical and Philosophical Educa-
tion at the lowest possible cost—a want long felt in Cal-
ifornia—and thereby bring its advantages within the
reach of all.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, (to be paid but once,).....\$15 00
Tuition, Board and Washing, per session of ten
and a half months.....150 50

Music, French and German form extra charges.
Those who spend their vacations at the College will be
charged \$30.

Payments must be made semi-annually in advance.
Parents will pay for medical attendance, and supply
toilet articles, etc.

Money will not be advanced by the College; for the
purchase of necessary articles, a sufficient sum must be
deposited.

For further particulars, apply to
jani-tf REV. J. J. O'KEEFE, O. S. F.

ST. JOHN'S INSTITUTION

FOR THE

Education of Young Ladies,

San Juan, Monterey Co.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE
MOST HOLY AND IMMACULATE
HEART OF MARY.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS:

Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending, per annum, \$200
Entrance Fee, to be paid but once.....10
Tuition on Piano, per annum.....60
French, per annum.....25

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain
and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish
language.

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

Primary, per month.....\$2 00
Elementary and Senior, per month.....3 00
Tuition on Piano, per month.....6 00
French, per month.....2 50

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain
and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish
language.

For Prospectus and further particulars apply to
SISTER CARMEN ARGELAGA,
Superior.
aug24-tf

CONVENT

OF THE

Immaculate Heart of Mary,

Gilroy.

FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE
MOST HOLY AND IMMACULATE
HEART OF MARY.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS:

Board, Tuition, Washing and Mending, per an-
num.....\$200
Entrance Fee, to be paid but once.....10
Tuition on Piano, per annum.....60
French, per annum.....25

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain
and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish
language.

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

Primary, per month.....\$2 00
Elementary and Senior, per month.....3 00
Tuition on Piano, per month.....6 00
French, per month.....2 50

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain
and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish
language.

For Prospectus and further particulars, apply to

SISTER RAYMUNDA CREMADELL,

Superior.

N. B.—The above Establishment is, also, the Noviti-
ate of the Order.
aug24-tf

ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL.

THIS Institution is situated in Santa Barbara, a short
distance from the sea, in the most delightful and
healthy part of the city. The grounds are extensive,
and the building is large and convenient.
The course of instruction embraces the usual branches
of a thorough English education. Spanish is also
taught.

TERMS,

Invariably half-yearly in advance:

Board, Tuition, Bed, Bedding, Washing, etc.,
per annum.....\$200 00
Piano and use of instrument, per month, \$6 60. 68 00
Guitar, per month, \$5 00.....52 50

No extra charge for plain sewing, Fancy Needle-
work, etc.

The Scholastic Year, of ten months and a half, com-
mences August 16th, and terminates on the last Tuesday
of June.

For further particulars, apply to

jani-tf SISTERS OF CHARITY,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

The "Catholic Annual" for 1872

NOW READY:

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY

ALMANAC, for 1872.

Thirty-five first-class Illustrations.

144 PAGES, 12 MO., TINTED PAPER.

Single copies, 25 cents; one dozen copies,
\$2.50; one hundred copies, \$16.

The Church Publication Society.

LAWRENCE KEHOE,

General Agent,

No. 9 Warren Street, New York.

H. C. BATEMAN,

CATHOLIC BOOK SELLER, 208 Kearny Street.
Cor. Sutter, has just received a fine stock of
Vestments, Holy Bibles, Remonstrances, Prayer Books,
Chalices, Pyxes, Missals and Breviaries, with a splendid
assortment of all the Catholic and Irish Books published
in the United States and Ireland; and a fine selection
of Velvet, Pearl and Ivory Prayer Books and all other
fine Catholic articles.
Jan 6-tf

The Catholic Guardian.

"I BELIEVE IN ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

VOL. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

No. 1.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ASSASSINATION seems to be the order of the day in Spanish Governments. It was only recently that an attempt was made upon the life of the King of Spain; from Lima we have accounts of the murder of President BALTA, and later of the assassination of the Governor of Mazatlan. These incidents following each other so closely may be taken by some as an indication of the degeneracy of the Spanish race, for where assassination becomes a rule all order must cease. When neighbor ceases to put confidence in neighbor, and each man depends upon his own strong arm or watchful eye, then must all the arts and sciences, all the amenities of life, the props of civilization cease to exist. The Spanish people have had a glorious history, but it has only been in connection with the Church. The warm blood and impulsive nature of the race need the influence of religion to hold them in check. When the Spanish monarchs thought it the greatest honor to be addressed as "Most Catholic," and when the people listened to the voice of the Church, the power of Spain overshadowed the world; and in proportion as they have discarded the teachings of the Church they have lost power, influence and self-respect. There is something about the bold, impetuous, chivalric character of the Spaniard, when tempered with piety, which we have always admired, and we hope the three cases spoken of are more in the nature of co-incidence than proving anything against the people.

SAYS the *Chronicle*: "Spain objects to the installation of the Pope in Pau, it being too near its own border. Of all countries in the world, that this should be the one to take such action! Half a dozen years ago the thought of it would have been ridiculed." And the same paper told us, a few days ago, how crime and immorality were over-running Spain. One piece of intelligence accounts for another.

WE are informed that the different branches of Presbyterians in this country propose to celebrate November 20, the three hundredth anniversary of the formation of the First English Presbytery at Wandsworth, on the Thames, by public exercises in Philadelphia, at which discourses will be delivered by eminent divines selected for the purpose. That is a very old Church, and the Presbyterians have reason to feel proud of its age. It can rival most of its Protestant allies on that score. But where was the Church organization for the fifteen hundred years preceeding? When boasting of its age, at this anniversary meeting, some of the speakers should tell us about this.

THE San Diego *Union* says: "In explanation of the fact that so many of the officers of the French army belong to the ultra clerical party, it is stated that the Jesuits have worked for years past, according to the instructions from Rome, to induce the pupils of their educational establishments to enter the army." "It is stated," is very indefinite. "It" has no responsibility, and yet it is always manufacturing falsehoods. When we remember that France has always been a Catholic country, the wonder is, that no more of the French army officers belongs to the "ultra clerical party," which is simply a name given the Church itself. There are no "parties" within the Church. Her children willingly, gladly obey her commands—those who do not are not of her fold. People are free agents, and have a right to belong to any "party" they like, but they either belong to the Church or they don't.

THE *Catholic Advocate* advises kindness to adversaries, and remarks that it will rarely happen that others are converted to our way of thinking by abuse or sarcasm. If editors and other polemical writers would bear in mind that charity is as fully essential to true religion as faith is, they would write both more kindly and more forcibly of those who differ from them in opinion, or are in error.

WE are informed that an important change has been made in the Press law in Russia. Previously, authors of books and reviews had to deposit a copy with a court of law, which had the right to stop the issue, if an accusation could be based on the contents, and for this it was necessary to show a violation of a distinct clause of the criminal code. Now, however, the censorship is placed in the hands of the administrative authorities, who are solely guided by what they think of the general purport and tendency of the book, and are entitled to pro-

hibit without reference to any especial act. But worse than this is to come, for it is announced that the old law having proved inefficacious to prevent the spread of unsound and hurtful books and papers, a through revision has been resolved upon, and will be executed without delay.

THE *Irish People*, newspaper, expresses a strong conviction that the recent riot at Belfast will prove the death-knell of the Orange system. We can not hope for so good a result. Such things have more the tendency of widening the breach, of making anything like reconciliation impossible. We hope the *People* may be right, but we fear just a contrary result.

SOME people have a queer idea of bigotry. A "three liner" in *Appleton's Journal* says: "Perhaps the greatest bigot in Europe is young Don Carlos, the pretender to the throne of Spain. He has his father-confessor with him for seven or eight hours every day." This is to us an entirely original idea of the word bigot. It is the first time we remember to have seen a man abused for spending "seven or eight hours a day," in the company of a pious and holy man. If the writer of those "cutting lines" would spend half that number of hours each day in some such manner he would find his own bigotry protruding less.

A PROTESTANT writer, who did not think at the time that he was paying a compliment to the Church, writes: "In these modern days of so-called social progress and social reform, it is a fact worthy of record that there is but one case of divorce in the judicial history of Virginia from the foundation of the commonwealth down to the present time." This fact shows that when there is no law for divorces the necessity for them does not exist, and proves the wisdom of the Church in not recognizing them.

WE are just beginning to receive by mail some accounts of the Belfast riot, so much confused by the telegraph. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives some horrid details, some of which we give to-day. The writer evidently does not sympathize with the Catholic—or, more properly speaking, the National Irish party. It will be noticed that one of the principal provocations given the Orangemen was the carrying of a banner upon which was the portrait of ROBT. EMMET, who never was a Catholic. A majority of the party in Ireland that demands "home rule" are without doubt Catholics, but there are many who do not belong to the Church, who affiliate with the party—so it is a misnomer to call it a Catholic party. We give this account as we find it, leaving the reader to make due allowance for the "leanings" of the writer.

THE journals of the Liberals of Italy are quite as free in applying coarse, vulgar epithets to the Roman priesthood as in applying the property of the priesthood to their own use. One of them published in the sweet Tuscan language describes the Roman priest "as an indestructible worm, cankering society," and again "as a monster of cat-like nature, to be felled with the crucifix, which, like a pirate sailing under false colors, he flaunts before the world." This journal is devoted to the regeneration of Italy.

SOME curious as well as instructive circumstances, remarks the Cincinnati *Telegraph*, accompanied the demonstration which the Italian Government ordered in Rome on the receipt of the news that Amadeo, the transplanted king of Spain, had escaped assassination. While the officials of the government shouted "Viva Amadeo," "Viva la Spagna," the mob around the Spanish legation adopted a more familiar cry—"Down with the clericals and the clerical party!" With ribald uproar and savage threats, the mob, after being partially silenced by the Spanish ambassador, proceeded to the "Gesù," the door of which they saturated with petroleum. They then began to vary their former expression of hate toward the clergy with the shout "Petroleum to the Vatican" and "Death to the Pope." In their midst, while screeching the most horrid blasphemies, "Down with God," "Down with Christ," a renegade priest tried to play a second Daniel in soothing and quieting the wild beasts. But he reckoned beyond his powers. They could not understand a distinction which he endeavored to draw between anathemas against the Catholic Church and the preaching shops of the evangelicals. His eloquence and logic were answered by the anti-Christian yells, in which the poor evangelicals and clerical apostates were included and admitted to the honor of the

first place. "Down with all religions"—"down with the impostor," rang out their enmity to all the representatives of Christianity. The miserable pervert was tumbled from his temporary rostrum and found a place of safety at the police station. The Evangelical Board of Foreign Missions have reason to be delighted with the prospect of transforming the Italian liberals into pious, believing Protestants.

GARIBALDI, the hoary agent of the Devil among the Italians, has written another letter. He returns thanks to an Italian branch of Communism for the dignity of presidency conferred upon him. The epistle ends, as usual, in venting his harmless, ungrammatical Italian upon the priests, whom he describes as the worst pest of Europe, because they are the prop of the property-holders. They will not, like many of the European forerunners of the Protestant Reformation, preach robbery as the doctrine of Christ—hence arises wrath in the minds of this red-shirted leader of thieves organized to upheave society.

OUR evening contemporary, the *Post*, is always willing to do justice to all parties. It is, in fact, an independent paper. A few days ago it made the following just observation, which we chalk down to its credit: "The riot in New York, last year, on the occasion of the Orange procession, furnished the text for an innumerable series of articles upon Irish Catholic intolerance; but in the papers which then indulged in so much denunciation we have seen no such comments upon the recent terrible riots at Belfast, where the Orange Lodges attacked a procession in honor of the act which instituted religious liberty in Ireland, and gave Catholics the rights of other citizens, after a century and a half of the bitterest persecution."

IN the distribution of the *prix de vertu* by the French Academy, the Duc de Noailles, who presided, had to allot one of quite an exceptional character. Toward the end of the late war, says the London *Tablet*, the city of Boston, in America, collected as much as 800,000 francs for the relief of French distress, and dispatched a cargo of that value. But as, before it arrived in France, the siege was over and the struggle with the Commune had begun, the goods were sold in England, and the amount realized, for the most part, distributed in France. But a small sum of 2,000 francs remained, and this the Boston committee offered to the Academy as a prize for patriotic self-devotion. For this prize the Academy has selected, among so many who have distinguished themselves, the Institute of the Brothers of Christian Schools. We print elsewhere the striking passage in which the Duc de Noailles relates the story of their simple heroism.

THE New York *Tribune* has had performed for it a feat as original in conception, though perhaps not as dangerous in execution, as that of the *Herald* in hunting up Livingstone. It has had a reporter in the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum. The reporter feigned insanity and was committed, and had a very curious experience, which he writes out. He condemns the management of the Asylum, and shows how the treatment of the insane is subject to dangerous perversions and abuses of the most shocking character.

THE Governor of New York has appointed a Commission to look into the management of the asylums for the insane in that State. The late charges brought against those in charge of the Bloomingdale Asylum have moved his Excellency to this step, which is taken without authority of law, and is therefore regarded as of pressing necessity. A bill was introduced in the Legislature last winter for the investigation of that institution, but it was defeated by the efforts of the superintendent; and this interference strengthens the suspicions now entertained that something is radically wrong in the management. "If there was no abuse," says one of the journals, "there would be no reason for concealment." The people demand to know to what uses these quasi-private institutions are put, and whether it is indeed true that sane persons are held prisoners within their walls at the suggestions of other persons moved by hate, jealousy, avarice, or revenge. Every asylum should be as an open book to the public.

GERMANY is making gigantic efforts to place herself on an equal naval footing with England and Russia. When the ships actually begun are completed, Germany will have a war-fleet of sixty-two vessels, with an

armament of 5,000 guns. Upon this bit of news the remark is made that Bismarck, like all great conquerors, is ambitious to shine in the field in which he has not won his victories. Perhaps this may account for his attack upon the Church. From the earliest traditions we have accounts of men overthrown because they sought to become as gods. A little success is a dangerous thing, and Bismarck will so find it if he lives another decade.

THE St. Louis *Democrat* says the Union Pacific Railroad Company has sold of the lands assigned it by the United States 602,559.62 acres, for \$2,553,308.58 at an average per acre of \$4.20. The land unsold amounts to 11,447,440.94 acres. The land grant bonds originally amounted to \$10,400,000, of which \$1,326,000 have been canceled, leaving outstanding \$9,074,000.

IF the increase of bank deposits is a sign of general prosperity, then our country is prospering in a high degree. In 1862 the deposits in the savings banks of New York were but \$64,000,000; in 1872 they are \$267,000,000, an increase of \$203,000,000—320 per cent. in ten years, or 32 per cent. per annum. In the same years the savings banks of Massachusetts increased from 93 to 160, and the deposits from \$10,000,000 to 163,000,000! In Rhode Island the deposits increased from \$9,000,000 to \$36,000,000; in Connecticut from \$20,000,000 to \$62,000,000; and in New Hampshire from \$5,000,000 to nearly \$25,000,000. In the five States above named the savings bank deposits ten years ago aggregated \$109,000,000; now \$553,000,000—an increase of \$446,000,000, or 410 per cent. nearly. At six per cent. these deposits represent an annual income of \$33,360,000, or \$500 per year to 66,720 persons. The certain effect of these rapid and heavy accumulations of money will be a gradual reduction in the rates of interests.

THE GUARDIAN.

BUT we are proud of our paper—the mechanical part at least; for it would not become us to brag of its contents. Compare it with any other paper in the United States! We intend to give the Catholics of the Pacific Coast as large, and as neatly gotten up a paper as shall be published in America; while we intend to put labor on the matter of which it shall be made up. In addition to the editorial force engaged in the office, we intend to invite contributions, and pay for them; we intend to have one of the regular editors travel all over the Pacific States and write of matters transpiring. In short, we intend to be fully up to the requirements of the age. To do all this, we need support. Will you give it to us? Will not each Catholic help us just a little? Five dollars a year is not much; any man can do that, and if each one would help us just a little, we can promise a paper of which any Catholic in the land may feel proud.

The shape in which we present THE GUARDIAN to our patrons—sixteen pages, cut and stitched—adds greatly to its cost, but the improvement is so great, we expect it to be met by prompt payments and increased circulation. It will be seen that we can not afford to give the paper away, as each copy of it costs us within a trifle of the amount we ask for it; and it is only by reaching a large circulation we can live. It has been said to us that we can not expect a first-class paper to be sustained, because Catholics, generally, are not a reading people. Shall this be proven true? It is with you to decide.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS REFORMERS.

ALL things really good of themselves must have counterfeits. True progress and reformation are properties more valuable than pure gold; hence they are more counterfeited than anything else. These are the catchwords of all who would make an innovation upon established usage. Men become "wise" enough to mock at the revealed words of GOD, and they call it "progress." Lust or avarice lead men from the bosom of the Church, established by our Divine Redeemer, and they set about "reforming" the system set in motion, guided and directed by the hand of JESUS CHRIST. There may be progress in human affairs—there may be reformation of human institutions, but a progressive or reformed religion is the denial of all religion! These remarks were suggested to our mind upon reading an article in the last number of the *Golden Era*, on "Social Reformers." Says that paper:

One of the most difficult questions to determine is that involving the right of the public to regulate the morals of an individual. The line between the just rights of the individual and the rights the community possesses to protect itself against the vicious influences of a minority, is so finely drawn, and so flexible, that it can not easily be defined by statute. The unwritten law, or the law of public opinion, is often appealed to to settle questions the written law can not grasp. When public opinion is healthy and its expression unfettered, nice questions of public morality may be left to its adjudication. But there are periods when public opinion is uncertain if not diseased. New schools of philosophy and morals arise, expounded by able disciples, and for a time the public mind is led astray. The present seems to be one of these periods. Doctrines are publicly announced which strike at the root of time-honored institutions. Lecturers traverse the land, scattering new ideas on

moral and social subjects. These lecturers are plausible if not convincing. All human institutions are imperfect, both, perhaps, in principle and practice. So long as human nature has in it an element of selfishness, so long will the most beneficent institutions be subject to abuse. The Social Reformers seek out the weak spots in the social fabric, and direct against them the fire of their heaviest artillery. They bring isolated instances of oppression to prove that the institution they attack is in its nature oppressive. They illustrate the workings of their new theory with examples drawn from the imagination, but such as among perfect men and women might exist. They disregard the fact that the law is not for the honest and high-minded, but for the selfish and base. There are men and women in every community who feel no restraint of a just law, as their lives are guided by a higher principle than fear of law, while others require all the trammels of law and public opinion in the regulation of their conduct.

All of which is very true, but it is no truer now than it was three hundred years ago. Were the editor to turn his thoughts into a logical channel, he would at once perceive that the only way to avoid the evil is to have a standard by which to measure such questions; a Supreme Court, whose decisions shall be final. Public opinion will not do for this standard, because, as he says, it becomes diseased! Is there such a standard? Perhaps, one may say, "Yes, the Bible;" but these reformers interpret that to their own purpose, and can a diseased public opinion be depended upon for such interpretation? Plainly, logically, no! Then where is the standard to be found? In the Church which we are commanded to hear, which has the promise of GOD that it shall be taught all truth! But continues the *Era*:

The institution of marriage is just now the favorite object of attack by these Social Reformers. The doctrine of Free Love is openly advocated as more conducive to human happiness than any union of the sexes regulated by law. We do not propose to discuss the merits of the two systems. The question for consideration is, how far a liberal community should permit the advocates of Free Love to go in their attacks upon a system which has had the sanction of the civilized world for more than two thousand years? It is not that the institution is in the slightest danger. All the sophistries of the Social Reformers fall before the simple fact that marriage is the only union of the sexes by which the family relation can be preserved. Free Love bribes its votaries by promises of selfish gratification, but it offers no security for the proper training and education of children. The community claims the right to regulate other forms of vice. It prohibits gambling, it punishes drunkenness, it supervises prostitution, but it permits apostles of Free Love to hold their levees and instruct young and old in the mysteries of its unhallowed rites. In this city has been seen the shameful exhibition of a woman addressing a mixed audience of men and women on the pleasures of illicit love. Marriage was degraded as a bondage fit only for bloodless slaves, while freedom to form such connections as the passions might prompt was extolled as the social condition which ensures happiness. The laws which fines and imprisons unfortunate women who are driven to vice to gain a livelihood, protects this other woman in the advocacy of doctrines no less immoral. Newspapers, which would refuse to advertise the abode of one courtesan, do not hesitate to invite their readers to the so-called lectures of another who seeks to reduce all her sex to her own degraded level.

Here again is the consequence of departing from the standard established by our LORD. According to the Church, matrimony is a Sacrament, a something mores solemn, more holy than a mere civil contract. This diseased public sentiment, when Henry VIII broke off from the Church because it regarded this Sacrament too holy to be lightly broken, said it was no Sacrament; that man could join and man put asunder! What is there holy or sacred about wedlock, from a Protestant standpoint? If a man and woman may be married to-day, divorced to-morrow and marry again the next day, why not carry it to its logical conclusion that it is a mere matter of convenience. There is but one step from the Protestant view of matrimony to FRANCES MCKINLAY'S—and that step is a logic alone.

Let the *Era* and its Protestant brothers join with us and go back to the declaration of JESUS CHRIST, that wedlock is a holy estate—that GOD speaks through the priest when he joins man and woman together, and that which GOD so joins shall not be put asunder by man, and there will be an end to such social reformers as the *Era* complains of. Let all "hear the Church" and social evils will die.

HOT-BED EDUCATION.

SCHOOLS in the United States have come to be mere hot-beds for forcing the intellect of children beyond the capacities of nature. The parent is as fond of the precocious child as the florist is of some tender plant forced to bloom in mid-winter. The teacher, too, makes common property of this wonder, and shies it in, when the door opens, as an evidence of his wonderful capacity for stuffing the youthful intellect. No matter how full the face, how slight the frame, how unsteady the step of the poor victim, papa's or mamma's pride must be gratified when at home, and dominies when at school. To cap the climax, prizes are offered and the weakly, sickly child, with the precocious intellect, that had better be kept from books for the most part, is urged to make extraordinary exertions to pluck it. We know all this is a source of pride; we know it is hard for a mother to hear another child's praises sounded when

she knows that if she would only push her child it could distance the other; but is it not a duty?

Talk of compulsory education! Would it not be better at this age, when children are stuffed by machinery, as it were, to force parents to have some consideration for intelligent children? If these bright children manage to live, who ever hears of them in after life? How often do we hear the dullest or most mediocre people brag of their "smart" childhood! Broken down, physically and intellectually, they can only look back to the day which seems like an oasis in the desert of a useless life, when they carried off the prizes at school and made mamma proud for a whole month! The duller child, whom no one thought it worth while to "stuff," or who would not receive it, comes up, in the course of nature, and astonishes all, by plucking fruit considered out of his reach.

These precocious children, "who die young," might be saved to a life of usefulness if it were not for this system of forcing. Let parents and teachers take these matters into consideration, and let them not attempt to murder children for the sake of the gratification of a little vanity.

AN ADMISSION.

SOMETIMES it happens that admissions are made in an off-hand way which would be exceedingly hard to wring from the same source if asked to make it. So we find our valued San Francisco contemporary, the *Golden Era*, admitting that out of LUTHER's marriage grew the "grand religious labor called the Reformation!" A magnificent basis for a religious creed! But we quote the *Era's* language:

Pere Hyacinthe has taken to himself a wife. The world can not blame the good father for this step, if he thought a wife necessary to his happiness, but it will not improve his already impaired standing with the Romish Church. Oh, these women! these women! Luther fell in love, and out of his marriage grew that grand religious labor called the Reformation. Now Pere Hyacinthe shows that human nature is stronger than creeds.

The *Era* thinks HYACINTHE's marriage will not improve his standing in the "Romish" Church. Perhaps not, but we can assure the *Era* that it will not impair it! We will not quarrel with the author of the extract about any statement he makes—in fact, we should have written the sentence concerning Luther just as he has it—but we do not agree with the last sentiment. It does not follow if one priest in ten thousand proves false to his words that human nature is stronger than creeds, in the sense the writer uses the word. If the facts were just the other way—if the many fell from their vows and the few remained true, then the inference would be legitimate. JUDAS betrayed OUR LORD, but that does not prove that the religion he established is a failure. In fact, he chose that one of his disciples should prove false in order to teach us that we must not expect perfection on this earth. The actions of isolated individuals prove nothing—except it be the weakness of poor, fallen human nature. If we look over the tens of thousands of Catholic priests and find so few giving occasion for scandal, we must become convinced that they are sustained by a power more potent than this weak and corrupt something, the *Era* calls "human nature."

THE POWER OF NINE.

WE publish, in another column, a very interesting article from *Chambers' Journal*, on the "Romance of Arithmetic," in which several powers of the figure nine are given. The most remarkable power of that figure, however, is that of proving multiplication or addition by the process known as "casting out the nines." In computing the area of an irregular tract of land, the surveyor has a great number of multiplications to make. The other part of his work, up to those multiplications, proves itself, but in order to have it all proved, many surveyors are in the habit of using this method of "casting out the nines." We will give an example, and explain it:

$$\begin{array}{r} 3750 \\ 295 \\ \hline 18750 \end{array} \begin{array}{r} \times 6 \\ \times 6 \\ \times 6 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Add together the digits of the multiplicand, divide the product by nine, and set the remainder down opposite—do the same with the multiplier. Multiply those remainders together, divide the product by nine and set the remainder on the right hand of the cross. Add, then, the digits of product, divide the sum by nine and set the remainder on the left side of the cross. If the multiplication is correct, these two remainders will be alike. This is the example: the digits of 3,750, added together, equal 15, which, divided by nine, gives a remainder of six; the 295=16, giving a remainder of 7; 7x6=42, which divided by 9, gives 6 remainder; 1,106,250=15, which gives a remainder of 6. When one gets used to it the process of "casting out the nines" is very little trouble. In proving addition, add the digits of each number in the column, divide the product by 9 and set down the remainder opposite; add these remainders and divide

the product by 9, setting down the remainder; now add the digits in the column, divide by 9, and the remainder should be the same as the last, thus:

4682	2
6941	2
2650	4
14273=17	8

Each of these products divided by nine gives a remainder of 8.

FREEMASONRY.

REV. FATHER BUCHARD has delivered three very eloquent and logically conclusive lectures on Freemasonry, at St. Ignatius church, on Market Street. On to-morrow, at the half-past ten o'clock Mass, he will give the reason, why a Catholic can not become a Mason. Those who hold communion with the Church, who have entertained an idea that they might become Masons would do well to attend this lecture. He proves beyond a question that its teaching lead to infidelity—that it is anti-Christian in all its precepts. In Europe it is the organization which presents a front against the Church. The Church condemns all secret societies, but this society has conceived itself strong enough to overthrow Christianity, and has set itself about the task.

Long before we became a member of the Church, before we knew secret societies were condemned by it, we had been solicited to join the Masons, but we made up our mind that such societies were not good for the State, and kept aloof from them. Although we had then never thought of its anti-Christian aspect in its full bearing, were often struck with the remark of Masons that they belonged to a Church good enough for them—that if its precepts were followed out, one would be all right in the next world, whatever might happen. But it was not this that kept us from affiliating with them, so much as the firm belief, which grows stronger every day we live, that secret societies must, to a greater or less extent, interfere with the execution of the laws of the land.

"SADLY INCONSISTENT."

AMONG BEECHER'S "Occasional Notes" in a late number of the *Christian Union*, we find the following:

And here is a sign of spiritual religion where some people will be much surprised to find it:

"While the late Archbishop of Paris was confined in the cell from which he was led forth to a cruel death by the Commune, he traced, it is said, upon the door of his cell, the words, 'height,' 'depth,' 'length,' 'breadth,' arranged about the form of a cross. To most persons, it need not be suggested that his thought was of the 'love that passeth knowledge.'"

That a Catholic prelate, and one of high rank, should find his consolation, in that hour of his fearful extremity, in the love of Christ, is sadly inconsistent with that theory which many have formed of the character and purposes of such dignitaries. But what spirit wrought in that heart this faith and hope? and with how much of "Romish abomination" did it manage to co-exist there? Are there not some lessons for us here, of generous judgment, and Christian love, and above all, of exultation at the infinite extent and variety of the application of God's Spirit to the hearts of men?

No person who has read anything, even the most partial to the side of the enemies of the Church, could have formed a theory "sadly inconsistent" with the announcement made concerning the most Rev. Archbishop of Paris. Of the army of "such dignitaries" who have suffered martyrdom, how many can be pointed out who have not found "consolation in the love of CHRIST?" We are astonished that one of BEECHER'S learning and usual liberality did not at once admit that there was nothing at all extraordinary in the actions of the Archbishop. If he can find a lesson in this, we would advise him to study the "Lives of the Saints," and, for that matter, study the "dignitaries" of the Church living around him at this day. The Archbishop of Paris was known to have been a very holy man; but so common is this characteristic in the "dignitaries" of their Church, that his actions excited neither wonder nor comment among Catholics. It was something expected of one in his position, and members of his church would have been very much disappointed had he not found consolation in the love of CHRIST.

We hope MR. BEECHER will find that there is a sad mistake about this "sad inconsistency," and in that spirit of liberality of which he boasts, tell his readers that every page of history is full of instances of "dignitaries" of the Church who have gone to the scaffold or the stake, thanking GOD that they were found worthy the cross of martyrdom; that in every city and town in the civilized world there are those who, sustained by the "love of CHRIST," face every form of contagion for the benefit of their fellow man, and who are prepared to render up their accounts at any time and in any manner it shall please GOD to make the call.

In writing the above, MR. BEECHER doubtless flattered himself that he was exceedingly "liberal" toward the "Romish" Church, and perhaps he is more so than the average Protestant preachers; but if he had stopped to reflect for one moment, he would have seen how ex-

ceedingly unfair it was. The impression is left that the late Archbishop of Paris was an exception to the rule—that "Romish" prelates generally had no appreciation of the "love of CHRIST." Now we would like for MR. BEECHER, or any one for him, to point out any number of Catholic "dignitaries" who, when put to the trial, were not sustained in exactly the same manner by the Cross of our BLESSED REDEEMER, and we will engage to show twenty for one who were so sustained. In the approaching trials of the Church, we expect to witness, if we live, many such triumphs.

THE EXILES.

THE exiled Franciscan Fathers, who landed in this city, July 1st, from Guatemala, will proceed to a convent of the Order, at Milwaukee, on Monday next. They feel grateful for the generous hospitality extended them by the people of San Francisco, and they wish, in a special manner, to implore the blessings of GOD on their benefactors, before taking their leave of the city. For this purpose, a Solemn Mass will be celebrated by them at St. Ignatius Church, this (Saturday) morning, at ten o'clock A. M. On the same day, from eight to ten o'clock, all the other Fathers of the Order will also offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the same purpose.

CONFRATERNITY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.—On next Sunday, the 15th inst., Rev. Father Cushing, Pastor of the Old Mission Church, corner Sixteenth and Dolores Streets, will form a "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament," from among the good boys of his parish. The following are the names of the boys, who, at present, by reason of their knowledge and virtue, he deems worthy of admittance: Willie Corbett; Justin McCarthy; Eddie O'Brien; James Stanton; James Kenny; Thomas Roney; Francis Gallagher; James Slavin; John Reilly; Albert Hiezel; Bernard Moffitt; Nicholas Fogarty; Eugene Kelly; James Tevlin; Willie Armstrong; Bernard Horne; Cornelius Flood; Matthew Conlin; Theodore Leary; and Thomas Karney.

TO THE CATHOLICS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

AT this time, when we find the country flooded with newspapers and periodicals, laying high claims to respectability and fairness, and which a Catholic, even, could not exclude from his house without laying himself liable to the charge of bigotry, filled with open attacks upon the Church, or, worse yet, with insinuations and innuendoes; when we find our public and private libraries stored with pretended histories and other writings, assuming to be standard works, in which the motives and actions of the Church are falsified and misrepresented; when it has come to pass that a Catholic must be under the necessity of scrutinizing closely every book or paper he puts in the hands of his children, that their minds may not be poisoned by the base slanders and malicious insinuations so often rung into the fashionable literature of the day; when we find that even those of the Secular Press which are most inclined to do justice to our cause, dare not, for fear of losing patronage, raise a voice against the recent acts of high-handed tyranny exercised by European and American Governments, by which holy men of prayer, whose only offense was that their purity of life was a reproach to sin, were banished and their goods confiscated; when we find the children of so many Catholics who have been careless enough to let them roam free over this field of corrupt literature, torn from the bosom of the Church, and lost to her saving influence; when, in short, we can trace most of the evils which affect religion and society to a false education and a false literature, it would be criminal in us, who profess to love our Holy Mother, the Church, above all our earthly possessions, not to recognize the power of the Press, and turn that mighty power into an instrument of good.

We do not underrate the exertions of our Prelates and Priests—those holy men who have laid all their worldly ambitions and pleasures upon the Altar for Jesus' sake; but their voices will not reach all that can be reached by the Press. Neither can they take up, and discuss to their flocks, those topics which are legitimate for newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals and books. The Press must be auxiliary to the labors of the priesthood. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX, in 1851, said: "Providence seems to have given, in our day, a great mission to the Catholic Press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of faith where they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and cold indifference have caused them to be forgotten."

Considerations such as these have led to the incorporation of THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY, with a Capital Stock of Twenty Thousand Dollars, divided into Two Thousand Shares of Ten Dollars each, for the purpose of publishing a newspaper at the city of San Francisco, which shall fill the want, felt by all, of a good Family Paper, and which shall be, at all times, an earnest defender of the Church; and for the purpose of printing and publishing such other matters as may be useful to the Church, or as the Company may be employed to do. It is expected that this Stock will be subscribed in small amounts, and the active co-operation of all Catholics is earnestly solicited, both in taking the Stock and in extending the circulation of the newspaper and other publications of the Company.

The Company will not publish a paper, the organ of any party or nationality; but while they will claim for it an independence of expression on general subjects, and while they will disclaim all intention of holding the Church responsible for its utterances, and while they would not expect to accomplish the impossible task of pleasing every body, they will try to confine it to topics upon which there shall be no material disagreements among Catholics.

It is expected that in a few months, at most, the Stock of the Company will be worth fully par, as an investment; but, in its infancy, is but right that whatever there is of risk shall be borne by the many.

The affairs of the Company will be conducted on strictly business principles, and when there shall be any profits, each stockholder, however small his interest, will receive his full share thereof.

In appealing to the Catholic community to sustain this enterprise, we can think of no language more appropriate than that used by our Holy Father in his Encyclical Letter of 1853:

"We urgently beseech of you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with Catholic spirit and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring in writing and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic Doctrine."

Again, in his letter to the American Prelates, he urges them to "Leave nothing untried by which our Holy Religion and its salutary teachings may more increase in the United States, and unhappy wanderers may return to the safe path."

For the present, we have made arrangements for the publication of THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN once a week. Knowing what concert of action among the many will accomplish, we ask from the Catholic community of the Pacific Coast such assistance as shall give to the enterprise we have inaugurated that measure of success which, in our judgment, it deserves.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, Sept. 10th, 1872.

THREE hours ago, and your correspondent was shivering and grumbling at the cold fog which blew in over your city; now he is reveling in the delicious atmosphere of a summer evening—such an evening as only the lovely valley of Santa Clara can offer. When will its beauties and attractive points all be written up by errant newspaper men—Bohemians fleeing from creditors and gentlemen correspondents traveling for their health? Each and every he or she, who wields the pen, finds new matter to write of this charming place and its surroundings, until the fund seems almost inexhaustible. Its schools and colleges have long been famous, and we feel justified in writing of them at some length. Santa Clara College, the *Alma Mater* of so many of our most promising young men, is but now entering upon her twentieth annual term, and with indications which are fair for a most successful year. The classes were opened during the first part of last month, and already there are nearly 120 students in attendance. There are always the stragglers who are loath to leave home, until really forced to, and these will be dropping in until the end of the present month, which will considerably swell the attendance-roll. For one who has visited the different institutions of learning throughout the country, and, from his attention to the personal habits and the demeanor of the students, there is something interesting in such a visit as we are now paying this worthy old College. There is a buoyancy of spirit seen in the plays and actions of the students which is not always to be found elsewhere. There is a good-fellowship existing between the students, and the students and their teachers, which is never found outside of a Catholic college. There seems to be a recognized principle existing among them of forbearance and charity to one another—a principle which we believe to be greatly due to the influence of that religion which is intermingled in all the daily pursuits. There is always a willingness to overlook the faults of one another, or, at least, to suggest a remedy with the softness which turneth away wrath rather than the violence which provokes to anger. Let a self-willed boy come among them, and though at first, he may lord it with a high hand indeed, yet it will not be long before he sees what disgust his manner excites among the little gentlemen around him, and he falls into their ways, follows their pursuits, and represses the occasional showing of the old spirit with a firmness truly noble. It will be understood that such a feeling among a community of young men is bound to produce most satisfactory results and influences felt in after life. The Fathers themselves do much toward fostering this spirit of kindly good-fellowship. In strange contrast is their mode of teaching with that of the professors of our most noted Protestant Colleges. In the latter, the teacher is most frequently the veriest stranger to his pupil. Knowing nothing of his disposition, his capacity, his character, he comes to him with his textbook, and for an hour or more a day he endeavors to inculcate the principles of the particular "chair" which has been assigned him. Class over, and this model Professor, satisfied that his duty is done, returns to his chambers, forgets his pupil until the next class-day, when he again goes through the form of teaching.

We do not mean to affirm that the student may not learn from such a man—not that the thing is impossible; but it must be evident that there is not that incentive to spur him to extra exertion which would exist did his Professor mix with the harshness of dry fact the amenities of more friendly intercourse. If he would but unbend and show at least a kindly interest in the things he teaches, can any one doubt the learning of his pupil would be more rapid and to better advantage!

But, aside from the matter of learning, there is the moulding of the character, which should be a part of the duty of every teacher. Can the Professor, whom we have pictured, have much influence on the disposition or morals of the youth whom he sees so seldom and at such a distance? Is he the one to foster a spirit of forbearance and good-fellowship, without which there is no true gentleman! Assuredly not; and the student, alone in

his chambers, or among a crowd of thoughtless young men, is left to choose his own guide, to set up his own standard of morality, and with what sad results we are too often made painfully aware! Mark the contrast. The Catholic teacher is never a stranger to his class. He is their companion, their advisor—often their playfellow, although they may be men-grown, yet he calls them "my boys." He labors with them, he lives with them, and though the class-hour be over, yet the student, who, perhaps, is stumbling in the *Pons Asinorum*, comes to him with his troubles, and he is ever ready to help him over the stony places. He goes down into the playground with his boys, and enters, with spirit, into their games. At one time he is acting in the dignified capacity of umpire for the match game; at another, he is chasing a ball in the left field with all the enthusiasm of one of the first nine. Now and then a dispute may arise—they do sometimes in the best regulated colleges—and he is called on to decide. He does so, and his word is final. Will any one say that the influence of such a man is not beneficial to the youth about him? Just such men as this one we find teaching in the College in which your correspondent is now sojourning. It is hardly possible that their graduates will become the misanthropical, cold, selfish men of the world which so many other institutions of learning have the doubtful honor of turning out.

In allowing ourselves to write of the system of teaching and training pursued in this College, we have, perhaps, continued at too great length while other matter demanded attention.

As we are sitting about under the arbors heavily laden with grapes, every now and then noiseless figures flit by us, bearing with them so much of the art of mystery that we involuntarily stop in our train of light fancies and drift into a more sombre vein, wherein we call up all the tales we have ever read of Friars gray and convents gloomy, and weave them into a grotesque patchwork of confused ideas.

In the dusk of the evening the form and costume of a Father of the order of Capuchin Monks is, indeed, to one unfamiliar with them, an object of more than passing interest. There are at present residing in the College twenty of these monks, who were exiled from Guatemala some months ago. Their dress consists of a long leather-colored heavy serge robe, with cowl attached; a rope about the waist, and rough sandals. In winter or in summer, rain or shine, this is their costume without change. The history of these much persecuted men, and their presence in this place, is well known. Banished by an ungrateful government; despoiled of their property, not accumulated without much labor and perseverance, they have been forced to flee to whatever refuge was offered them. When they arrived in this place, from the many hardships which they had undergone, they were all suffering more or less from disease. Now they are happily recovered, and are looking about them for an opportunity to persevere in the good work. The Archbishop, we understand, has decided to grant them permission to found a convent in this diocese, for certain good and sufficient reasons. A tract of land and house were offered them near Los Angeles, by Bishop Amat; but it was unsuited for their purpose, and the offer was declined. There is but one house of their order in the United States, and that is located at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It is probable that many of the Fathers and Scholastics, sojourning at this College, will be sent to that place. Rev. Father Nicario is now preaching a Mission in the church, to the Spanish residents. Besides the personal appearance of these men, there is a certain interest attaching itself to the majority of them, which will bear recital. The Capuchins, as is well known, are what is called a "Mendicant Order;" that is, they do not teach, but depend for their living entirely upon the charity of the faithful. They give Missions, hear confessions, tend the sick in hospitals, and solicit alms. They are almost literally beggars, and yet among them, residing even now in this very house, are the sons of some of the most eminent grandees of Old Spain—men whose possessions are almost principalities, yet all the pomps and vanities which were theirs by right—did they choose to claim them—they have given up to follow CHRIST and do His work. The youngest scholastic of the party—a weak-eyed, beardless youth of scarcely more than eighteen years of age—is one who is virtually the heir to an enormous estate. When the Order was expelled from Guatemala, where they had just completed the building of their convent, this young man was offered a refuge in his father's house. He was told that influence could be brought to bear upon the Government in his favor, that the storm would blow over, and, in a short time, all would be well with him, and he could then claim and control the property which was really his own. All that was necessary for him to do was to keep quiet for a time and forget his companions. Even while this proposal was being made, his convent was sacked, his brothers in the faith arrested and their fate hanging in a most uncertain balance. It did not take him long to decide, and though he well knew that banishment was the lightest penalty which his persecutors would inflict, yet the

tempting offer was cast back, and he took up his line of march, between two files of soldiers, for the sea-coast. Was not his a noble act? Shall we say that the time of heroes is past while this young man is living!

Already I have drawn this letter out to longer length than I had intended, and so will pause awhile.

S. N. F.

REVIEWS.

THE OLD GOD: A Narrative for the People. Translated from the German of Conrad Von Bolanden, by Very Rev. Theodore Noethen, Holy Cross, Albany, N. Y. [Boston: Patrick Donahoe. For sale by Michael Flood, S. F.]

We can not say that we like the title of this book. It sounds to us too much like "the old woman," in the mouth of "Young America" in speaking of his mother. However much the title may grate against our nerves, we find very much to interest us in its pages. It is, in fact, a remarkable book, and shows plainly how small are the greatest works of man compared to the works of GOD—especially that greatest of all the works of OUR LORD on earth, the Church.

The opening chapter represents the late COUNT RETHEL, then a boy, in waiting on the imprisoned Pope PIUS VII. Napoleon I enters, and the young page listens to the conversation between them. We quote from this conversation:

"It seems to require of your Holiness great preparation, in order to tell the Emperor the golden truth!" impatiently exclaimed Napoleon.

"I will speak, your Majesty, and, in as few words as possible," commenced the Pope. "You know the causes of the Revolution which devastated France in such a horrible manner; it was but the natural result of things. For fifteen years has infidel philosophy and anti-Christian science, as well as a wicked press, labored to effect the ruin of social order. God and His commandments were mocked at in the newspapers, pamphlets, and so-called scientific works. Religion was everywhere derided, and that which an impious science and a sacrilegious press had sown among the people, at length grew up. The morals of the French became corrupt. Through the highest circles of society, infidelity, malice and crime were so widely spread that it soon reached the great mass of the people. When France turned away from the Lord of Life, from the fountain of temporal and eternal happiness, when France became infidel, the most terrible of all revolutions broke out. A set of wicked men declared themselves rulers, and the whole land became one vast scene of murder, blood and ruin. All order was destroyed. In open day the most revolting crimes were committed; innocent persons were massacred by the thousand. Neither life, property, nor honor were respected. Every thing became a prey to an inhuman mob. Your Majesty then appeared, richly endowed, by Almighty God, with intellect and strength of will. You overthrew the monster of Revolution, and placed it in chains. Your Majesty restored order; and because you knew, sire, that religion is the fountain of all order, that without respect for the Divine law no State can exist, you recalled the exiled priests and commanded the gospel of salvation to be preached to the demoralized French people. Infidel philosophy and infidel science had loosened the bonds of society; they had evoked the spirit of revolution by expelling from the hearts of men, by means of mockery, all Christian morality and faith. Your Majesty acted, therefore, in a politic and prudent manner when you restored the Church in France, for she alone is the Mistress of order."

"Ah, now I understand your Holiness!" laughingly exclaimed the Emperor. "My manner of acting proceeded only from political motives, and not from a sincere desire to do good. I must not expect any reward from Heaven, because I have done nothing for God, but only for the Emperor. Granted! Yes," continued Napoleon, earnestly, "there must be religion. To govern a people without religion is absolutely impossible. I will never permit Christian morals to be openly ridiculed and despised. No prudent statesman will approve of such a course. He who allows the Christian feelings of a people to be undermined, will one day be the victim of his own folly. Why, then, does your Holiness hesitate to accept the friendship of the protector of religion?"

"You ask the Pope to commit a crime against religion in the same moment in which you proclaim yourself to be the protector of religion," answered Pius VII.

"I am not at all of your opinion," replied Napoleon. "The temporal power of the Pope is not an article of faith. On the contrary, I think that this temporal power is an impediment to the strict discharge of the spiritual duties of a Pope. Renounce, therefore, this power, and live free from all the cares of government under the protecting wings of the French eagle!"

"Free in the claws of an eagle, sire?" said the prisoner, with a sad smile. "My fate is a striking proof that the Head of the Church can only fulfill his duties when he is free. The Pope should not be the subject of any monarch, because the sovereign would abuse the dependence of the Head of the Church, and use it for political purposes. Divine Providence, therefore, has so ordained it that in the States of the Church the Popes have always found an asylum of liberty."

"Very remarkable, indeed!" said Napoleon, in a sarcastic tone. "All the princes of Europe listen to my suggestions—all nations yield to my victorious armies—only an old man, who is my prisoner, despises my friendship."

"Pardon me, sire! For me, the old, imprisoned man, the offer of friendship on the part of the Emperor of France is very flattering; but the Pope must, in conscience, tell the Emperor, 'What you demand is wrong—doubly wrong, because you ask from the one who has special charge to watch over Christian faith and morals an approbation and sanction of your robbery.'"

"Splendid—excellent!" exclaimed the offended Napoleon. "It seems that the Vicar of Christ alone is permitted to say uncivil things in the Emperor's presence."

"I am very sorry, your Majesty, if you consider truth to be uncivil!"

"Better yet!" said the haughty ruler of Europe, and he rose from his chair in a passion. "Let us drop the matter; your Holiness has despised my friendship, you shall now feel my enmity!"

"Sire," replied the Pope, with resignation, "I lay your threats at the feet of the Crucified, and leave God to vindicate my cause, for it is His own."

"What nonsense!" said Napoleon, contemptuously. "The God whose cause you represent is only the production of a superstitious imagination."

"Cease, Emperor!" interrupted the Pope, with uplifted hands. "THE GOD OF OLD STILL LIVES!"

"What do you mean?"

"He who has said: 'Heaven is my throne, and the earth my foot-stool,' hears your sacrilegious words."

"I wish no sermon from your Holiness," exclaimed the angry Emperor, "but tell me simply what you mean by your words, 'The God of old still lives!' Perhaps a threat?"

"Yes; and, at the same time, a kind, paternal warning."

"You probably wish to say, that God feels Himself at length impelled to execute the anathema which your Holiness has pronounced against me?"

"According to the laws of the Church an anathema was pronounced against the Church-robber, Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of France. Before Almighty God, sire, all men are alike; princes also are bound to keep the commandments of God."

Napoleon laughed uneasily. He walked up and down the room several times. "Ha, ha—to tell me that! Me! This is another unwarrantable liberty taken by the Vicar of Christ."

"It is the sacred duty of the Vicar of Christ," responded the Pope, with earnestness. "Who shall remind the powerful of earth of their duties if the Pope does not?"

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed Bonaparte. "You must remember that we are not living in the middle ages."

He continued his walk through the apartment. Disquiet and anger were visibly striving for the mastery within him.

"You said, 'The God of old is yet living'; what does your Holiness expect and hope from Him?"

"I expect, and know, that the Almighty and Faithful God will keep His word," answered Pius VII.

"What has the Almighty and Faithful God promised you?" ironically asked the Emperor.

"He has promised assistance and protection to His Church against all her enemies, and her continuance even unto the end of the world," solemnly answered the venerable Pontiff.

"That is a great promise! We shall see! I am dissatisfied with the Pope and with the Church of God of old! Perhaps I shall form a national religion, whose head will be, not the Vicar of Christ, but the Emperor!"

"You overrate your power, sire!"

"My will is law throughout Europe!" exclaimed the proud Emperor. "I am only resisted by an obstinate old man, who calls himself the Vicar of Christ; I can not bend him to my will, but he may, nevertheless, die in prison."

The Pope rose from his seat, and a look of righteous indignation overspread his aged countenance. "Will your Majesty permit me to open to you a few pages of the history of the world, and show you the hand which will crush you?"

The Emperor looked with surprise at the suddenly transformed figure which stood before him, erect, like a prophet of the old law, and surrounded, as it were, by a supernatural light; and Napoleon's eye, whose very look governed armies, and struck terror into the boldest heart, timidly sought the floor.

"Speak—I listen!" said he, with a slight nod.

"You threaten to let the Pope die in prison, to persecute the Church, to uproot her, to establish a national religion," continued Pius. "What you desire to do, more powerful kings than you have tried to accomplish, but in vain. The Roman Emperors, who at one time ruled the world, persecuted the Church for three centuries; they endeavored to exterminate the doctrine of Christ, they put the Popes to death, and inflicted frightful tortures upon the faithful; but what did these mighty Emperors achieve from a persecution which lasted three hundred years, against the Church, from the exercise of every species of cruelty, from the putting to death of 12,000,000 of Christians? Why, the very reverse of what they intended. The doctrine of Christ was not exterminated. No! for the persecution served only as a wind, which scattered the grain of seed of the Divine Word into far distant lands, and from the blood of martyrs new Christians arose. What was the reason of this astonishing phenomenon? Simply because the same God of old, whom your Majesty ridicules, has kept His word, and protected His Church against all her enemies, even against the powers of Hell. Where are now the Roman Emperors? They have passed away, and their powers perished with them; their thrones have crumbled into dust, as have the altars which they dedicated to their Pagan deities; the Church, however, still exists. Read further in the pages of history; in the middle ages, also, there were kings who offered violence to the Popes. Rude assaults were made upon the Church and her Head; but the Divine Arm which protects the Church has also crushed her enemies. You yourself, sire, imprisoned my predecessor in office, the holy Pope Pius VI; you allowed him to die in chains. I, too, have suffered bitterly! Death has often seemed about to end my trial, but I still live. Yes, and I will live to see you crushed by the arm of God. Your measure is full; you will soon share the fate of all persecutors of the Church."

The Pope sank exhausted into his chair. The Emperor stood with folded arms, his gaze fixed upon the sublime and venerable Pontiff.

The page in the ante-chamber trembled with excitement; for the Holy Father appeared to him like a being of a higher sphere, and Napoleon like an angry spirit of the deep.

"Your priestly arrogance has reached its height," he exclaimed, furiously. "God crushes fools—not an Emperor like me; but let me tell your Holiness, that I will crush you yet!" and, with these words he left the room in a rage.

During that night Napoleon slept very little. He walked the floor of his bed-room, muttering unintelligibly, but now and then his youthful attendant would distinctly hear the exclamation: "The God of old crush me? Ha, ha! I defy Him! I defy the whole history of the past!"

The second chapter describes the Emperor on the desert Isle of St. Helena, and a conversation between him and Gen. BERTRAND, to which the young COUNT RECHEL is again listener. Napoleon laments his treatment of the VICAR OF CHRIST on earth, and attributes his overthrow to the hand of GOD as a punishment for that treatment.

The third chapter shows Napoleon III to be the enemy of the Pope. Count Rechel has grown to be an old man, and has retired from the active duties of life; but when he hears that Napoleon is about to enter into a treaty with Italy by which he is to abandon the Holy Father to his fate, he seeks an interview with the Emperor and expostulates with him.

The conversation between the Count and Napoleon III we shall give next week. Taken altogether, this may be pronounced a remarkable little book.

SPiRiT OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

A PAYING business forms the subject of the leading article in the *Catholic Advocate*, of Louisville. Some very wholesome facts are plainly stated in the course of the article. We quote:

To lead men gently and cleverly to eternal perdition is the best paying business in this country. Hence our Protestant preachers are the most fortunate mortals on earth. They make no dangerous investments, they do not injure their health by hard work, they earn their bread for a whole week by the sweat that trickles from their brows on a Sunday. They take their bible, survey the Lord's vineyard with the eye of business men and contract to work that portion of it which is willing to pay the highest price. If they find the pockets of their flocks not as well lined as they expected, or if they can manage to get a "call" of a few thousand dollars louder than the one they are heeding, they are not slow in shaking the dust off their reverend feet and seeking the better-paying flock. They are, as a rule, not very particular about the doctrine to be preached; these form the stock in trade, and are therefore disposed of as the demands of the customers or the exigencies of the season may demand. On this principle a howling Methodist will quietly subside, and climb into an Episcopalian pulpit, a fierce Presbyterian will throw the gates of Heaven wide open to a whole herd of Unitarians whom a good salary alone can save from everlasting reprobation, and an Episcopalian will kick his surplice into the vestry-room in order not to offend the Baptist congregation that has "called" him.

Preaching the gospel is a financial success. It pays better and costs less trouble than anything else. The laborer has to toil from morning till night, the merchant has to spend weary hours in his office, the lawyer has to write, shout and disregard the truth every day of his life in order to gain a livelihood. The preacher alone seems to be exempt from the lot of the other children of Adam. He points out once a week the easiest path to the regions below, receives his pay, and raises his grateful eyes to Him from whom every good and perfect gift descendeth. Our business men are seldom found at springs and watering-places. They can not afford to go there. Yet these places swarm every summer with preachers and with their interesting wives and lovely daughters. While the worn-out pastor is away his pulpit is occupied by some needy understrapper or else the congregation is cruelly left at the mercy of the world, the Devil and the flesh.

In spite of official statistics and notorious facts, we daily hear and read complaints about the financial hardships of preachers. We are told that they are badly paid; that they could make more money in any other business. Now this is all a humbug. If it were true, could they keep the most fashionable houses? How could their wives and daughters be the leaders of fashion? How could their sons be the fastest young men of our cities and towns? How could they themselves resort annually to the most fashionable watering-places? We shall not state the enormous sums regularly paid down to our "favorite preachers." Their style of living is sufficient evidence of their financial well-being.

We do not make these remarks in a spirit of unfairness or mockery. If our Protestant brethren love to pay enormous and unmerited salaries to their preachers, they are perfectly free to make fools of themselves. It is none of our business. We simply desire to remind their hungry parsons that they must cut down their revenues to a frightful extent before they can decently accuse the Catholic clergy of an undue love for "the mammon of iniquity."

THE New Orleans *Star*—Father Ryan—contains the subject of our literature. We extract as follows:

Literature, then, as we showed last week, is the word, written or spoken, of a man, a nation or a century. And as we take a man at his word, so we take an age. What is the word of our age? In speaking it the age speaks its spirit. In writing it the age writes its own judgment. And first, what of that light literature which reveals the Emotional and appeals to the Emotional in man? That literature which ranges from the fugitive poem of the daily paper up through the literary weeklies, dime-novels, twenty-five cents' yellow-bound romances to the more pretentious productions of those who are called first-class, though they are by no means classical writers? What is the *morale* of that literature? It forms the light reading of boys and girls and nice young men, and languid young ladies, and grave maidens of uncertain age—and even mothers steal time from necessary household duties to scan these fascinating pages—and not a few fathers evince, settled and steady as they are, a womanly weakness for such works. They seem from the tireless press. They bring steady custom and large profits from the bookstands. They fill the shelves of circulating libraries. They pass from hand to hand—from eye to eye. They meet you everywhere. They are doing a work. They are forming impressions. They are stamping their images on countless hearts. They not only present thoughts—but they suggest thoughts. They not only describe emotions but they arouse sentiments. What kind? You, who read, know.

Do such works make you better? Do they ennoble your emotions? Do they purify your sentiments? Do they refine, in the true sense of the word, your sensibilities? Do they lift your fancies to higher spheres? Do they raise your minds one inch above the earth? No!—and they who read such works, know it. And why No? Because in general the writers of such works follow no fixed, high moral standard. They write for money. It is their trade. And they send to the literary market just such articles as will command quick sale and large profit. These writers may be better, morally, than their works—but their readers will soon become worse than their books. Sensationalism is the characteristic of their style. Everything is sacrificed to that; and that gradually sacrifices all high moral tastes.

Does reading help to form character? It does—and very much. What sort of character will such a literature form? Weak, sentimental, frivolous—to say the least. Such reading takes all strength out of the soul. It enervates the heart. It awakens the passions. It renders the will irresolute in meeting interior temptations. And puts into a very whirl a thousand emotions which had better never have been stirred.

Therefore, as a general rule, the Catholic Church condemns such reading—claiming, as she does, absolute jurisdiction over all her children in this matter. That light literature has been the ruin of many a soul and the shipwreck of much innocence. What is all such literature about? Love. What kind of love? Human love. What kind of human love? Human love governed by divine law? Human love modeled on love divine? By no means. But, human love left to itself, without guide or light, or restraint beyond the natural order. Human love that will marry and get a divorce and marry again. Human love that claims, the right to be its own sole judge. Human love that lifts its feelings into a religion—and kneels down to worship itself. Such is our light literature. Who can read it without being tainted? Who can read it and not, sooner or later, feel the effects of its evil influences?

THE Philadelphia *Catholic Standard* proves infallibility by the Protestants themselves. An infallible Church or no Church always seemed so plain to us that we could never see how an argument could be had on the question. The *Standard* says:

Protestants commonly profess to regard as an absurdity the truth that the Church is infallible. Yet infallibility is so obviously a necessary attribute of a divine Church, that they are compelled to claim it continually, by implication, for their several sects.

Thus, Dr. Charles Hodge, in a late letter that has been made public, says: "The principle can not be carried out that no Church should be encouraged which does not teach error; for in that case we could help none but our own." Here there is plainly an implied claim to infallibility for "our own" Church. Every other is tainted with error except "our own." It alone teaches "no error."

We have, then, the absurdity of a number of Protestant sects, each calling itself a church; each regarding its own teaching as free from error, and the teaching of all the others more or less erroneous, and yet at the same time denying the possibility of infallibility.

Absurd as this is, no Protestant sect that claims to be more than a voluntary human association can escape from it. A sect which claims a divine origin and constitution—a divine authority to teach—must, to be consistent, claim infallibility. For the idea of a divine institution being the agent for the dispensation of error, the idea of its having divine authority to teach falsehood, is not only self-contradictory, but it is also blasphemous.

Yet this divine origin and authority each of the sects of the reformation claimed to possess. This Dr. Hodge evidently understands. He evidently sees, too, that there is no sense in requiring the assent of an individual to a formula of doctrine that is admitted to be erroneous; that the only ground, therefore, on which a Church can teach any doctrine or require adherence to any confession or formula of belief, is, that they are free from error and entirely true, and consequently that the Church teaching this doctrine is in fact infallible. Hence it is that Dr. Hodge excepts "our own Church" from this statement that there is none that does not teach some error.

It is not surprising, in view of these palpable self-contradictions, that Protestants no longer claim for their respective sects divine authority, and that their "standards" and "confessions" of belief have become dead letters, which no one any longer thinks seriously of enforcing, and which, in fact, not one of their members in ten believe as a whole, or indeed takes the trouble to make himself acquainted with.

This is the only course they can consistently pursue, along with their denial of an infallible Church. But with this must be abandoned all exercise or ecclesiastical discipline, all discipline, all distinction between heresy and orthodoxy, all possibility of discriminating, with certainty, between what is true and what is false.

But with this passes away the value of a divine revelation made in such way, as not to carry with it the possibility of clearly and certainly determining between truth and error would be a mockery to man, and unworthy of God.

To this hard and blasphemous conclusion Protestants are reduced. Many of them do perceive this, though the number is daily becoming smaller, as is evidenced by the fact that their religious organizations generally have ceased to make even a show of resistance to the flood of liberalism and doctrinal indifference, which is fast sweeping into oblivion all creeds and catechisms and formulas of belief of Protestant sects, and reducing their professed faith into the merest and vaguest expressions of a sentimental regard for a Christ upon whom they say they depend for salvation, but in regard to whose person, work and teachings they do not even pretend any longer to be able to affirm anything positively and certainly.

THE *Irish People* discusses the Belfast riot, showing that the Orangemen were the only oppressors. In the course of the article it says:

Many of our American contemporaries—ignorant asses that they are—in this case blame Catholic and Protestant alike. There is no ground of justice whatever for such censure. The

Catholics, or, more properly speaking, the native Irish of Belfast, made no aggression whatever. In fact, they put up with Orange aggression and gave none in return. But the moment the Catholic party attempt an independent course, that moment they are set upon by a pack of ruthless and conscienceless blackguards, and it is only in self-defense that the assailed party return blow for blow.

THE *Portland Sentinel* has a long article on the intolerance of the Protestant secular press. It complains bitterly that a certain class of them will persist in thrusting the Church into politics, whether she will or no. It concludes, too, that the Catholic press has been too tame under such slander and misrepresentations. It remarks:

It can not be denied that, to some extent, we have deserved this. We have all along been too tame and timid under abuse and scurrility. We do not fear criticism, and have always invited fair argument and discussion, for we believe that our cause has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the fullest and most searching examination; but we do most decidedly object to be continually dosed with stale slanders and coarse falsehoods, (over and over refuted) which so disfigure the pages of our anti-Catholic prints. What is more, we do not intend to tolerate them any longer.

THE *Catholic Union* rather gets the best of its *Christian Advocate* neighbor in "Constitutional guarantees" as follows:

Verily our friend of the *Christian Advocate* is inclined to be hypercritical. In his issue of August 22d, he accuses Father Renaud of "ignorance of American Institutions," because, in his letter concerning the administration of affairs in the House of Refuge on Randall's Island, that worthy priest speaks of "the full religious liberty guaranteed by the United States Constitution to every American." Our acutely critical contemporary thereupon remarks, that "the United States Constitution does not guarantee religious liberty; it merely provides that Congress shall not establish any religion by law." What a sapient critic is our Methodist friend! If he will consult his Webster, he will find that the verb transitive *guarantee* means "to make sure." Now, if it was not the intention of the framers of the Constitution to "make sure" that religious liberty should be an inherent right of American citizenship when they declared that "Congress should not establish any religion by law," we would respectfully ask our astute friend what was their intention? Our contemporary forgets that in the same article of the amendments to the Constitution where the non-establishment of religion by law is assured, the prohibition of the free exercise thereof is plainly forbidden. "The right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances" is included in the same article. Is that guaranteed by the Constitution? It is astonishing the amount of ignorance among the Methodist clergy in relation to American institutions." We have slightly altered the wording of the last sentence, from the original of our contemporary, merely to make it more consonant with facts.

THE Baltimore *Catholic Mirror* has a very excellent article on our institutions of learning, from which we copy:

It is a source of pride to Catholic parents that so many excellent colleges, academies and schools abound for the fostering of letters and the training of youth. As rapidly as the population grows, it does not outrun the capacities of our educational institutions. From the rudiments to the highest branches, all gradations of classes are taught by faithful heads and ushers of schools and learned professors of colleges. This is a gratifying fact to be able to announce to the Catholic community, for it is well known that in our schools not only the head is taught, but the heart is opened, and its spiritual character enlarged and ennobled. It has always been a source of solicitude with intelligent and far-seeing parents to guard their little ones in the first days of the latter's going to school, for that is the period when the ductile mind takes impressions which generally last for a lifetime. Hence so many parents have been induced to keep their children near their own persons in order to superintend their first moral lessons and train them to bear the rough encounters which all must meet with in the battle of life. But our Religious Orders and other Catholic instructors have come to occupy the place of parents to the young, and to exercise that tender care and unceasing watchfulness over those under their charge which Christian charity and the zeal for souls could alone prompt. Parents and guardians fully appreciate this paramount consideration, and consequently the young are always sent in much larger numbers to our various Catholic schools and colleges than perhaps to any other. Those more advanced toward maturity are the largest class at our higher seats of learning, but the fact that the young are not now generally kept at home speaks a merited eulogium on our various institutions.

The interests of Catholic education are among the most important with which the Church has to deal, and without any undue partiality, we are enabled to point to our institutions as among the first in every respect which adorn the land. In religion, they are of course infinitely superior to those conducted by non-Catholics, however varied and thorough the curriculum of the latter may be. The Catholic citizen of the United States is becoming every year a more important social and religious force. His Church is fast becoming the Church of the most enlightened Protestants, and he, as one of its representatives, must keep pace with the growing exigencies of the times and the more comprehensive relations which he is called on to assume. Our American hierarchy and clergy are bending all their energies to the advancement and solid promotion of the cause of Catholic education, while the torch of learning already burns brightly at our academies and colleges.

In the business columns of the *Mirror* will be found the cards of our leading institutions, and to our patrons of both sexes we can safely say, without the slightest deviation from strict truth, that among all the institutions referred to there will be found that merit which we claim for them: wise heads of institutions, accomplished teachers, thorough training—moral

as well as mental—and every facility for the practice of our holy religion. To those in charge of our Catholic colleges, academies, and schools we offer our best wishes and salutations for a prosperous and happy year. We learn that the school prospects are remarkably good this fall—a sign of the times well worth noting.

SAN DIEGO.

FROM a pamphlet of some thirty-six pages, printed by Messrs. H. S. CROCKER & Co., we extract the following description of the termini of the Texas Pacific Railroad:

"San Diego—the terminus of the Texas and Pacific Railway, and of the projected railroads from Los Angeles and from San Bernardino—is the County Seat of the County of the same name. It is the oldest city in California, having been founded by Spanish Missionaries under Padre Junipero Serra in May, 1769. The old town is situated a little inland from the Bay, at the mouth of the San Diego River, a stream which flows constantly at the depth of two or three feet from the surface of the bed, which is dry during the greater part of the year. From this underground flow it is proposed, hereafter, to obtain the water supply of the city, by digging down a few feet and pumping the water to the mesa, or table-hills surrounding the town, where reservoirs can be constructed. The water is excellent, pure, sweet and soft. The supply is ample for the want of a large population.

"The city of San Diego proper has been built within the last three years, and is situated on the Bay; it has now two good wharves running out to deep water, at which vessels of the largest class may lie and discharge their cargoes. At Horton's Wharf, nine miles from the entrance to the Bay, the P. M. S. S. Co's steamship *Constitution* has landed passengers and freight. (There is, also, a third wharf, at Roseville, near the mouth of the harbor, which has been built nearly to deep water.) The freight and passenger depots of the Texas and Pacific Railway have been located in the city proper on the water-front.

"About five miles south of San Diego, and also on the Bay, is situated National City, on the National Rancho—the property of Kimball Brothers. Here, also, a splendid wharf has been constructed at heavy expense. National City has now about fifty houses and a population of about 200.

"The city of San Diego has a population, estimated at the vote cast at the last election, at from 2,500 to 3,000. There were, on the first of January last, 742 buildings in the city, including many elegant private residences and grounds, and several substantial brick structures. The Horton House is a magnificently appointed hotel, covering an entire block, and its accommodations are not surpassed by any public house in the State outside of San Francisco. The Bank of San Diego has one of the finest brick buildings in Southern California. The Court-house, just finished and occupied, is one of the largest and handsomest county buildings in the State. It is a two-story brick, with a substantially built and secure jail in the basement. There are four church edifices—the Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian. There are, also, temporary public school buildings, soon to be replaced by permanent structures on the block owned by the Public School Department of the city. The total valuation of taxable property in the city, at the present time, is estimated at from \$1,500, to \$2,000,000.

"In the county, the population has increased from less than 1,000 in 1868, to 4,951 at the time the census was taken in 1870; and during the same period the taxable property valuation had increased from \$471,619 to \$2,522,780. The gold quartz mines, discovered in the mountains north of San Diego in the winter of 1869-70 (distant forty-three-and-one-third miles in an air line) have proved to be rich and permanent. Although no aid in their development has been furnished by capital from abroad, the yield now reaches \$300,000 per year, with the certainty of a very great increase so soon as proper machinery is added, and capital is brought into play.

"In agriculture comparatively little has been done as yet.

"The land around the Bay is better adapted to the growth of the vine, (which, indeed, succeeds wonderfully in all parts of the county) the olive, and fruits—the semi-tropical fruits especially—than any thing else. Where efforts have been made, they have been attended with remarkable success, notwithstanding the fact that an unprecedented drought has prevailed in Southern California during the last three years. Inland from the coast there is a large quantity of land adapted to a diversified agriculture. Nearly all the "summit valleys," so-called, are capable of producing good crops of grain. The farmers in the neighborhood of the mines have done exceedingly well in the driest of dry years. In the vicinity of the mines, also, there are extensive ranges of good timber, and a saw-mill at Julian City is kept constantly running.

"The sheep-growing interest has advanced from insignificant proportions to be one of the first in importance.

Five years ago there were but three flocks of any consequence in the county, numbering, in all, not over 17,000 head. This year there are thirty flocks, numbering at least 75,000 head of sheep; and this business is increasing rapidly. Good roads have been, and are being built through the county, and the work of development began a little over three years since is in full progress in every direction. Much has been accomplished without railroads; with the advent of these great aids in development, now assured, San Diego—city and county—must surely enter upon an era of great and steadily growing prosperity.

CATHEDRAL AT PORTLAND.

OUR brethren of the flourishing city of Portland, Oregon, are trying to raise means to build a cathedral. The *Sentinel* speaks encouragingly of the enterprise. It says:

Although the amount realized thus far (\$1,421.50) is small, it is no criterion to go by as to what may be realized within the next twelve months. Besides, the amount due from members in arrears, (\$1,430.50) nearly all of which amount will certainly be paid, will raise the total receipts from subscriptions and small donations to date, to the respectable sum of nearly \$3,000.

But the Catholics of the city of Portland will not let 199 of their number, of which this Society is composed, bear the burden of this great work. The membership of this Society should be at least one thousand; and should every member but subscribe the smallest sum accepted, according to the rules of the associations, it would realize \$1,000 per month and \$12,000 per year. Were our fellow Catholics to realize the ease with which this work could be accomplished, if all would contribute this small amount of one dollar each per month, we are sure that none who desire the erection of a Temple in keeping with the number of Catholics and the general prosperity of the city of Portland, would be found to refuse to become active members of the Cathedral Building Society.

There are but few, we hope, who are unable to pay one dollar per month to so worthy and glorious an object. And it is but fair and just that all members of the Church in this city should contribute to this end, and not throw the burden of the work upon the few willing and earnest ones. Let all share alike the burden, and also the honor of having contributed, to the extent of their means, towards the erection of an edifice worthy to be called the HOUSE OF GOD.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR MORTIMER.

MANY of our readers will recognize the subject of the following:

An eccentric Irish character, named Mortimer, died lately in London, whose universal genius and attainments entitle him to some notice. He was about fifty years of age, and as odd a character as could be met. He was small, but firmly knit; generally wore a white hat and a dress coat, and always had an old volume under his arm. He was a confirmed book-worm, and Mezzofante was hardly a more accomplished linguist. He was a graduate of the University of Dublin, and deeply versed in classic lore; but he added a polish to his erudition by his intimacy with at least a dozen modern tongues, speaking French, German, Russian, Polish, Spanish, Italian, modern Greek, Turkish, Arabic, Irish, Welsh, and Danish with fluency. In his youth, he had been cabin-boy in an American bark, and subsequently became a medical student in Paris, but had to leave it on account of his connection with the June insurrection of '48. He was a very strong man, and at one time utilized his strength by taking an engagement as a Hercules in a circus in Australia. By turns he gave lectures on Shakespeare through Germany, was a Greek professor at Hamburg, had a troupe of Spanish ballet-dancers in Holland, and was the companion of Sir William Don, the baronet actor, in his wildest Continental frolics. In his time he had been tutor to Charles Lever's children at Florence. He came to the surface one day in the employment of Tom Thumb; another in the company of Murphy, the Irish giant, who was a distant cousin. He had been in London since the Franco-Prussian war, which ruined him in fortune. His learning was of little profit to him, for he died very poor, in a ward of an hospital, and was buried in the nameless grave of a pauper.

ENGLAND.

ON last Sunday evening, says the *London Register* of August 17th, the Very Rev. Monsignor Nardi, one of the domestic prelates of His Holiness the Pope, delivered an address to the Catholics of Kensington, assembled in the school-room, Holland Street, after Benediction in the evening. Father Foley introduced the Very Rev. Monsignor to the meeting with the remark that as he had no interests but those of truth and justice to serve, his word could not be impugned. Monsignor Nardi said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is with ever new and increasing satisfaction that I set foot on the soil of noble England. Eight times have I had the pleasure of visiting this country, finding on each occasion fresh cause for consolation, at seeing the religious feelings and truths of Christianity so deeply rooted in the breasts of its people, accompanied by such a firm determination of acting in accordance with those principles. On this chosen soil the Lord's Vine once flourished. Planted under the direction of the great Pontiff, St. Gregory, by the hands of his apostle, St. Augustine, nurtured by the care of the illustrious Anselm, and watered by the blood of the glorious martyr Thomas à Becket, it brought forth abundant fruits of faith, virtue, and knowledge. Germs taken from it, and transplanted on the banks of the Rhine, gave the first beginning to the noble Church of Germany. But on this glorious vineyard there fell, in the sixteenth century, a terrible hail-

storm, crushing it down and laying it waste; enough to have destroyed it, root and branch, but for the indomitable counter-energy of the Anglo-Saxon race. It was not a tempest of a night—it was a prolonged storm, enduring from the days of the eighth Henry to those of the third George. That is to say, for nearly three centuries the Church in this country was well-nigh lost; indeed, in modern times, the Church Catholic has no enemy more diligent, more intelligent, more implacable, than the Government of England. Nevertheless, through the midst of dire sufferings, privations, and persecutions, your clergy have known how, by little and little, to make up those losses; and the Catholic Church, erewhile persecuted by laws written in blood, has had her social equality restored to her, while, at the same time, her children have recovered the greater part of their civil rights; and if she is yet the subject of foolish calumnies and blind prejudices, nevertheless, on the other hand, she meets with that esteem and sympathy due to virtue, learning and merit. You, the Catholics of England, Scotland, and Ireland, stand out an example to all other nations visited by similar tempests; an example from which they have profited, and may profit still more, in emulating your conduct. Here, men distinguished by their attainments and social position, come out from the ranks of error. Regardless of the loss of position and fortune, despising considerations of human respect, and often called to break dear and long-standing ties which unite them to relations and friends, they present themselves to us, rejoicing in the only possession of the faith, and even making these cruel sacrifices without so much as casting a glance of regret behind.

Having contrasted England with Italy, the former establishing and building up, the latter pulling down and destroying, Monsignor Nardi continued:

The Holy Father himself has been deprived of everything save his honor and his sense of right, which he will preserve unspotted to his dying hour. The hand of government, heavy enough of itself, is made to weigh more heavily by the pressure of secret societies brought to bear upon it, and by the support and the example of a great power, which at the present moment seems to have no other task in hand but that of aiming at exterminating the Catholic Church in Germany, in Italy, and wherever its power and its influence extend. In this life and death struggle, the Catholics in Italy have a noble example to follow in the Catholics of this Kingdom. They have but to study your history to learn what terrible vicissitudes may be borne by faith and charity. From you they may learn to be ever more and more united with their pastors, and with the Chief Pastor, the glorious Pontiff, Pius the Ninth. From you they may learn, while placing no captious opposition in the way of government, to resist, to a man, and, if need be, with their blood, when their laws of faith and morals are interfered with. From you they may learn—rather they have learned already—to open schools of Christian teaching, in opposition to the Pagan Schools of the State; to distribute good books in place of the bad ones which it is sought to disseminate among them; to share their bread with their pastors, now they have been spoiled of their rightful means of existence. But there is one thing more, dear friends, that you have to do for your Catholic brethren of Italy, besides affording them good example; and that is to exercise in their behalf the all-powerful means of prayer. Yes, to your fervent prayers, dear Catholics, I recommend the great and noble country to which I have the honor to belong, and which is, at this time, laboring under a very hard trial. Remember that Catholic Italy prayed for Protestant England; and those prayers, and the prayers of the great St. Paul of the Cross, have surely not been fruitless. To your prayers I recommend our Catholic population, our sorely-tried clergy, and, above all, our venerable Pontiff, whom I know you already love so well, and who, in return, loves you with the deepest affection. Everybody knows how zealous Catholics in Italy are treated by a shameless press; and what rude attacks they have to bear, and not very seldom with personal violence. Some of your newspapers deny that. The *Daily News*, for instance, published a statement that no real outrage had ever taken place in Rome against churches, clergymen, and people, attached to the Pope since the 20th of September, the day of the entrance of the new masters. A courageous Catholic paper, printed also in London, the *Crusader*, replied to it in the most striking way, by publishing the long list of outrages perpetrated in Rome in those two long years, against priests, monks, bishops, cardinals, churches, sacred images, and the Holy Father himself, caricatures of whom were hung in public places, and under whose windows the mob uttered insults and menaces. Every one of these facts having been most faithfully reprinted by the Catholic papers of Rome, giving place, date, and circumstance of the outrage, none of the reports have been contradicted by the fifteen hostile papers published in Rome itself. This is the fact, and may an English public judge about it.

In conclusion, Monsignor Nardi uttered a fervent hope that the trial through which Italy is now compelled to pass may be a short one, and declared how thoroughly and invincibly Catholic she is at heart. He promised to carry to the Pope tidings of the attachment which English Catholics entertain for him, and how devoted they are to his cause, and undertook to procure for all present, their relations and friends, the blessing of his Holiness. Father Tyler returned thanks to Monsignor Nardi on the part of the meeting, drawing, at the same time, attention to the sad change for the good Catholics of Rome which resulted from the present desecration of the Holy City, and he earnestly impressed upon them the necessity of contributing as far as they could to the support of him who is not only the pastor of pastors, but the pastor and father of every single member of the flock of God.

GERMANY.

THE following protest and address have been published by the German Catholic Union:

At the opening of the first German Parliament, the speech from the throne was concluded by his majesty in the following words: "May the re-establishment of the German Kingdom

be also a true token of new greatness for the whole of the German nation; may the German national war which we have so gloriously waged be followed by a no less glorious national peace, and may it be the resolve of the German people to be henceforth conquerors in the contest for the blessings of peace."

The expectations called forth by these royal words have not been fulfilled. In opposition to the wishes expressed by the ruler of the German nation, certain parties, at the head of which is the Protestant Union, with its resolutions passed at Darmstadt on the 4th and 5th of October, 1871, have thrown down the gauntlet to the Catholic Church; have inscribed upon the banner war against her institutions, and have thus sown the seed of discord and hatred in the kingdom. The Catholics ever since that time have beheld floods of calumnies and persecution raging unceasingly around them, and they can not but perceive, to their great sorrow, that these calumnies have found an echo in the German Diet, and have led to the passing of every important measure. We are, therefore, constrained to make a solemn declaration against all such calumnies, and we, moreover, especially protest against the resolutions passed by the Diet on the 19th of June; being, as they are, entirely in opposition to our most cherished convictions.

1. A painful injury inflicted upon the Catholic Church, which approves of the Society of Jesus, and has received it into her service, as well as a threatening on all Catholics who hold the fundamental dogmas of faith and morals in common with them.

2. An utterly unjustifiable attack upon personal liberty. A condemnation of innocent citizens, accused of the heaviest crimes, without one of these men being permitted to exercise the right appertaining to every criminal or judicial inquiry and of defense.

3. An act of ingratitude, of which the Fatherland has rendered herself guilty toward these her sons, who, during the most perilous times, in the sight of all, gave the most heroic proofs of courage and self-sacrifice.

4. A misconception of the voice of the people, which has expressed itself loudly and solemnly in more than 2,000 petitions.

5. A disturbance of religious peace; an attack upon the quiet and security of the Fatherland.

We further protest against these measures, because we consider it to be unworthy of the greatness and dignity of Germany to attack, by violent and arbitrary proceedings, a defenseless band of scarcely 200 priests; we protest against them, because they form only one link in the chains of acts which are intended to reach the internal organization of the Church, and to injure the heavenly kingdom founded by Christ on earth—not only in her freedom, but also in the rights guaranteed to her through the constitution of the State—and to deliver her over to the arbitrary will of the secular power.

We Catholics will never allow the holiest possession we have to be yielded up to the caprice, or to be at the disposal of a majority who are enemies of the faith. We desire that our religion should be free and independent, in order that the Church may exercise her high mission without hindrance, for the peace and welfare of the Fatherland.

FRANCE.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY AND THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

THE following is the extract from the address of the Duc de Noailles on awarding the prizes of virtue to the Christian Brothers, referred to in our Editorial Notes:

Now, gentlemen, to whom ought we to award this exceptional prize? We are proud to admit, that when we have to decide on the most worthy, the acts of courage and devotion, of abrogation and self-sacrifice which we find are so numerous, that the selection appears almost impossible. . . . Therefore it is that we have conceived the idea of giving to the award a collective rather than a personal character. We have given the prize not to an individual, but to a body; and that body is one which is as unassuming as it signally useful; every one knows it, every one esteems it; in these unhappy times, it has achieved the renown of genuine devotedness. We mean the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. You know what is the work to which those Brothers consecrate their life, and with how much disinterested devotedness and fatherly simplicity they accomplish it.

As to the wants of which allusion has now to be made, we need only let the facts speak for themselves. When it appeared that our country was in danger, the feelings which animated us all especially animated the Christian Brothers. They at once asked how they could aid in the defence, and how they could alleviate the suffering. Two principles impelled them forward: patriotism, and Christian charity. On the 15th of August, that same Brother Philip, whom all the world now knows in Horace Vernet's master-piece, wrote to the Minister of War, stating that he placed at the disposal of Government all the establishments and all the Communal schools possessed by his institute, as also the personal services of all the members belonging to it, those of all the novices, and, lastly, his own, and all his council, to be devoted to the relief and care of the sick and wounded. The Minister of War at once availed himself of their benevolent offer, and the Christian Brothers set themselves to work. At their own cost they established a large ambulance—that of the Rue Oudinot—they furnished a staff of workers for the ambulances organized by the General Association of Succor on the railway lines and at the stations for the arrival of trains

of wounded men; and they organized a service of the same kind for a great number of other ambulances.

It was then that the society of the press made an appeal to their devotedness to enroll them in its undertaking as bearers of litters on the field of battle, and of ambulance attendants. The Brothers eagerly responded to the appeal. They furnished from five to six hundred of their members, who were constantly and gratuitously engaged in the two services. On the days of actual battle their numbers were still further reinforced.

I ought to add, gentlemen, that their schools were never closed nor their classes interrupted during the whole time of the siege. The Brothers proved themselves equal to double duty, teaching school and working on the battle-field. Each Brother took his turn of marching. One day he taught his class, another he went under fire. They even contended with each other which should go. On the day that Brother Nethelme was killed at the battle of Bourget, it was not his turn to march.

The Brothers stood fire as if they had done nothing else all their lives; their discipline and their zeal were admirable. They went in squads of ten into action; each squad had a litter and was attended by a surgeon. They spread themselves about, went under fire, and picked up the wounded men as they dropped, and conveyed them carefully to the ambulances. If time allowed, there would be many anecdotes to tell about each battle. Once a French general said to them, 'Brothers, your charity and humanity really care you too far.' Another time, under the fire of a Prussian battery, a commanding-officer got off his horse, and embraced one of the Brothers, saying: 'Brothers, you are admirable!'

Under the fire of musketry and great guns alike they went and mingled heartily with the soldiers, who looked upon them as comrades. On the day after the battles they helped to bury the dead. They had themselves to mourn the loss of two of their number who were killed; many received wounds, and eighteen died of illness caught in attendance on the sick and wounded.

Nor was the scene of their Christian labors of charity confined to Paris. From the very commencement of the war, in all the provinces of France, they sought the most laborious and dangerous employments. Everywhere they gave up their school-buildings as hospitals; everywhere they organized ambulances and served them; everywhere they received the thanks of *maires* and of commanding officers.

As at Paris, so they appeared on the fields of battle at Dijon, at Alençon, at Pouilly, at Pontarlier; in short, wherever a battle was fought they went into the hottest of the fire to pick up the wounded and succour them. Proof is unnecessary, the facts are of general notoriety.

Here, gentlemen, I stop. I might speak of the heroism of the Brothers under the Commune and the second siege of Paris, at Belleville, and at Longchamps, where they performed the same acts of charity. I might tell how they were persecuted, driven away, made prisoners with their scholars at Issy, immured at Mazas, and on the point of being murdered; and how, on their escape, one of their number, Brother Justin, was actually murdered as he went out.

Gentlemen, I have said sufficient to justify the award which we have made of the munificent prize of the City of Boston to the Christian Brothers. None can deserve it better; and this Academy is happy to bestow it upon them. The prize will remain with the Christian Brothers' Institute like the Cross of Honour which is attached to the colors of a regiment.

IRELAND.

THE BELFAST RIOT.

FOLLOWING is the account of the Belfast riot taken from the correspondence of the New York Herald, spoken of in our Editorial Notes:

BELFAST, August 20, 1872.—It is impossible to exaggerate the scenes of bloodshed, riot and destruction which have disgraced this town for now four days. That all parties are to blame, and the executive most of all, is undeniable. Thousands of cavalry and infantry line the principal streets, and patrols of police are stationed all over the town. And yet the rattle of musketry is ceaseless; vehicles of all kinds are careering to the general hospital; houses are falling in, sometimes by fire, sometimes by gutting, and a universal shudder palsies the energies of the population. The disaster which has once more made Belfast the disgrace of Ireland is directly attributable to the violent malevolence of the lower class of Orangemen, and indirectly to the repeal by the Government of the Party Processions Act. It is now lawful for all parties to have processions, and the Twelfth of July was celebrated by the Orangemen in great state, and in great peace. The Catholics made no sign whatever. On August 15th they celebrated

THE RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL OF LADY DAY

By forming enormous processions, carrying flags with historical mottoes, bearing portraits of Robert Emmet, and holding meetings in favor of home rule. The leaders of the Orangemen addressed their followers on the 14th, by placard and advertisement, called upon them to abstain from all violence, referred to the peaceful demeanor of the Catholics on the 12th, and entreated for them a quiet day in return. These addresses were wholly disregarded, and on Friday morning Sandy Row

wore its ancient appearance, and soon threatening knots of men formed into a riotous multitude.

OPENING OF THE FIGHT.

The Catholics, with equal promptitude, took up a defensive position, and before night closed, a couple of men were dead, a score were wounded, and hundreds were drunk. On Saturday the contest was renewed with extraordinary fury. * * * * On Sunday morning an ominous quiet reigned throughout the town, and those who knew Belfast rioters best foretold a deadly battle before long.

THE FRAY RENEWED.

All day preparations were made on either side, and all day troops and police were pouring in from quarters outside of Ulster. One thousand constabulary were in town in the afternoon, and General Warre, commanding the military, had a tremendous force at his disposal. The Mayor issued a proclamation warning the people that mobs or knots of more than six persons would be dispersed, forcibly if necessary; but the proclamation had no effect whatever. The rioters had gone too far. Violence had felt its own strength; and now, when half a dozen public houses had been sacked, and liquors of all kinds consumed in the street with astonishing rapidity, mob law was the law of the hour. At length they issued from their respective quarters to the number of about five thousand. They proceeded to a large brick field and commenced

THE BLOODIEST CONFLICT EVER REMEMBERED IN ULSTER.

Now the Catholics were driven from the field; and now they returned with renewed courage, and swept the Orangemen away. The fight had lasted for more than half an hour when the military were attracted by incessant ball-firing, and immediately hastened to the spot. The cavalry charged right between the mobs, and the Highlanders dashed into the thick of the crowded street.

MEN FELL ON ALL SIDES,

And in fifteen minutes there was a tremulous peace. The wounded were carried to the hospital and one hundred rioters were conveyed to the cells. But while this battle was being quelled, almost a fiercer one was being arrayed. The town, as I have said, was up all night. Men and women feared to go to bed, and the suspense was tempered considerably by intoxication. Every Protestant house in the Catholic districts had been sacked, and a similar savagery had found devotees in the Protestant quarters. So there were hundreds compelled to be in the streets, and the quarrel was easily renewed. From hour to hour circumstances delayed the conflict; but at about five in the afternoon, a band of ruffians deliberately smashed in the shutters of two public houses, and for the next hour

THE FURIES OF PANDEMONIUM RAGED UNCHECKED.

Barrels of porter and ale were opened, and huge draughts were handed out in vessels of every conceivable kind. Brandy bottles were smashed at the neck, and men drank from them until they reeled into the gutters. In a few minutes drunken men and women lay about and made a new companion picture for the fearful frescoes of the French Revolution. Champagne was despised as not affording facile means of ready consumption, and the savages lost most of the wine as they smashed the necks of the bottles. At one moment there were five thousand people howling like demons, drinking furiously of all drinks, reeking and swearing and staggering and getting into beastly helplessness. In that quarter, there was not one whole pane of glass. The sashes of the windows were gone. The furniture lay on the upturned flagway in hideous debris.

TEN STREETS WERE TORN UP,

The stones were piled in a hundred heaps, and women and girls wrought at this fearful preparation until their hands were scarred and bloody.

The police came up instead, of the Orangemen, and the battle began in downright, savage earnest. The stones were hurled in thousands against the force, which gradually retreated until the crowd reached an open space, when they suddenly turned and fired. But blank cartridge was not the fool for these fellows, and seeing the disadvantage of the police, they charged on them with bludgeons and beat them down in numbers. The police then made an attempt to force the crowd at the point of the bayonet, and several rioters fell.

APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN.

A crowd, which had collected at six o'clock yesterday morning, was stilled for a moment by the passage of two funerals of victims of their own insane folly. One of the men had been shot dead, and the other had been instantly killed by a furious bayonet-thrust. There were at that moment numberless patients in the exterior establishments connected with the General Hospital, and in apothecaries' houses you heard of helpless wounded stowed away in every part of the house. The number of pistol wounds in the hospital from Sunday's affrays was just a score; an equal number were suffering from bayonet wounds and scalp wounds caused by bayonet; and two boys were dying from alcoholic poisoning, induced by savage excess in whiskey, stolen from a sacked public house. When the morning dawned, it was hoped that the number of these evils would have calmed the ruffianism of both parties. The appearance of the town was dismal. Whole quarters presented one scene of ruin. There was not a window in seven streets, not a stone that was not torn up; there were hardly in this town of 170,000 inhabitants, one hundred shops open. The place was in a state of half-quiet rebellion. Men flitted along in fear of their lives. The troops stood ranged along, or from sheer fatigue sat down on forms brought from the barrack yards. The morning grew on in quiet; but the rapid succession of pistol shots, about nine o'clock, gave warning of the approaching tumult.

ATTACK ON THE PUBLIC HOUSES.

By 11 o'clock, four public houses were gutted, and thousands of drunken ruffians were carousing through the town with blunderbusses and pistols. A public house kept by an Orangeman, and noted as the rendezvous of the party, was broken into, and shots were fired through the windows. The publican fired back upon the crowd, and a scene of terrible excitement immediately ensued. A company of dragoons charged in,

and rode down the mob with reckless vigor, and the rioters fell on all sides. Some of them rushed into public buildings, and the dragoons followed them and laid about with their flat sabres until the mob fled pell-mell, how they could and where. At that moment a spectator from the upper window of a house in High Street, might have seen bullets stuck in shutters and window-sashes.

THE SCENE WAS SIMPLY AWFUL.

No man's life was safe, and the blood of the military seemed to be dangerously aroused. All this was about noon, and matters were so desperate an appearance that martial law was spoken of on every side as the only remedy for Belfast.

MORE TROOPS CALLED.

Soldiers were telegraphed for all over the country, and letters from Dublin inform me that the terminus of the Dublin and Drogheda Company was beset with inpouring military and police during the whole of Monday. The rioters were informed that they would be shot down by the police and military, and it was further noticed that houses from which shots were fired would be entered, and every inhabitant placed under arrest. Searches for arms were at once begun, and the rioters fled from the cribs in swift retreat. The town was formally handed over to General Warre, and that officer made proclamation of his intentions in case he came up with riotous gatherings. But even these stringent arrangements failed to quell the passion of turbulence.

MORE SACKING OF HOUSES.

They proceeded with their depredations until six houses in one street presented an indescribable appearance. Here and there tipsy men might be seen levying money on passers-by. Groups of intoxicated boys were smashing windows for sheer pleasure. But the saddest sights of all were the victims of the "warnings." The war had grown so merciless that on both sides persons of opposite faith were ordered to quit their dwellings in an hour, or take the risk of sacking. Here were Catholics in the neighborhood of Sandy Row, fleeing along with their furniture in their arms, amid the jeers and rude jostlings of their tormentors. A like policy was adopted toward Protestants in Catholic districts. But when night fell, a new and devilish device was hit upon. The mob climbed the lamp-posts and turned out all the lights, and then they warned to their work of devastation. The military feared to fire, lest they should injure harmless persons; but such forbearance was little less than foolishness.

DOWNRIGHT PILLAGE WAS NOW PROCEEDING.

On all sides, and a town sacked by a foreign foe could hardly have afforded more direful and disgraceful scenes. There was no sort of protection extended to the peaceful population. At this moment, we in Belfast live in unspeakable dread. Lives have been lost; the hospital staff can serve no more. The wounded lie in private places, too proud to admit of defeat and risk the jeers of peaceful times—if we are ever to have them again.

ONE DAY LATER.

BELFAST, August 21, 1872.—The conflict has now degenerated into stone throwing, and pillage and house-hunting. The torn-up streets afford ready missiles for the mobs, and in about half a dozen cases to-day the fights were renewed with extraordinary vigor. The military and police, however, are now masters of the geography of Belfast, which is, in many respects, singularly puzzling to a stranger. They dash in among the rioters and effect arrests, and no tumult can last for longer than fifteen minutes. But they are no sooner in one direction, than the fiends fling at one another in the locality lately guarded. With these incessant but comparatively unsuccessful outbreaks

THE TOWN IS KEPT IN A HIGH FEVER.

The great outrages of the last few days have not been renewed, but what they lack in strength they show in frequency. The military are ceaseless in their operations, and when they are not chastising stone-throwers, they are guarding the "women" as they "flee from the wrath to come." I could not exaggerate the woeful appearance of Belfast at this moment. I have been all through the principal streets of the disturbed districts, and a more melancholy wreck I have never beheld. In a circumference of three miles

THERE IS NOT A HOUSE OR SHOP OPEN.

The shutters of every window are closed, and inside the people tremble lest a bullet or a brick should endanger their lives. In the Shankhill district, from Peter's Hill to Bowers' Hill, there is not one pane of glass, not one sash, not one bit of furniture, not one door. The street is literally covered with broken glass, with broken woodwork, with broken furniture; and now and then you come upon heaps of charred sticks and ashes, and half-consumed tables and chairs. This place has been as literally gutted as a wreck could be. The aspect is something frightful. The houses look as though they would tumble in with a tremendous crash, and complete the harmony of ruin. Indeed, fears are universally entertained that some of these tottering fabrics will cost many lives before the hideous time is done. Turning from these scenes of desolation, the spectator is arrested by

THE MOURNFUL BANDS

Of "warned" people slowly dragging along their wretched property, while they are protected from the fury of the mob by the military and police. This heartless system never was so relentlessly pursued before. In the Catholic districts there remains not one Protestant; and no Catholic dare remain longer than the specified "three hours" in the bloody precincts of Sandy Row. Cases of unspeakable hardship are to be met in every street. Here you find old and helpless people driven from their homes to seek shelter in a district in which their co-religionists reside, but in which there are no houses to be let. There is

NOT SUFFICIENT HOUSE ACCOMMODATION

For the established residents; and where are the vagrants to go? I have seen people sitting ruefully on the flagways with a little furniture scattered about, in the helpless agony of tears. I have seen an old man carried in his bed by his sons and laid

in an entry, while they begged for a room. Nothing like the scenes of to-day were ever beheld in Ireland before, and possibly no civilized country can afford a comparison. Thousands of people, half-recovered from the wildest intoxication, are to be seen in groups loitering about, with wickedness manifested in their every move.

HUNGER HAS SET IN.

For no wages have been paid since last Thursday; all the shops are closed; the marketable goods of most of the lower orders have been destroyed; several mills are locked up and guarded by military, and a miserable unrest is all the town contains. No man can tell how the social life here is to be restored. Where are the homeless to go? How are the necessary articles of domestic economy to be procured? How will the town bear taxes for the destruction of property? How are the ills and wounds of this bitter time to be patched up? That even now, after

SIX DAYS OF LAWLESSNESS

And rapine, the bloody spirit is not quelled, is plain from the news which I have just learned. From a house in one street, shots were being fired so incessantly that command was given to enter and arrest the inhabitants. The police were received with a volley of shots, and were compelled to retire. The officer in command again advanced, and more shots being discharged, he gave the order to fire. Twice the thirty-six constables fired, and the most appalling rumors are abroad as to the effect.

DR. PUSEY ON THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

DR. PUSEY, writing from Mayence to the *Times*, expresses his opinion that a crisis is come upon the Church of England which may move men's minds and make a rent in her, or from her, far deeper than any since 1868. Whether in these days the Establishment, in which Dr. Pusey does not profess to feel great interest, would survive the shock, the event only can show. Dr. Pusey proceeds:

The wish to remove the Athanasian Creed rests in different minds on two grounds: First, the supposition that the belief therein stated is too detailed; secondly, that the warning clauses speak of that belief as essential to salvation in those who can have it. Those, on the contrary, to whom the question of retaining the position of the Creed is a matter of life or death, hold the Creed to be the great instrument of teaching ourselves and the people how to believe and think aright on the being of our God and our blessed Lord's Incarnation. The "warning clauses" we believe to be the only statement in our Church Services (in contradiction to the prevailing wrong opinion of the day) that a definite faith in the truths which our Lord revealed is essential to salvation in those who can have it; in other words, that right faith, as well as right life is essential to salvation, since our Lord has so declared it, and as a much greater contempt of God can be shown by rejecting what He reveals, than by disobeying what He commands. Without, then, judging the Church in the United States, whose few leading bishops, at the time of its foundation, in framing its Prayer Book, parted with the Athanasian Creed, not knowing what they did, we believe that if the Church of England were, in view of the objections raised, to tamper with that Creed, it would forfeit its character of a teacher of the people as to that which, whether we believe or disbelieve it, is more central than the belief or disbelief of any one doctrine, viz.: whether it is of moment to salvation to believe what Almighty God has revealed or no. I state these as our convictions. The result of acting upon these convictions, if the Church of England (I do not speak of the State or State interference) should tamper with this Creed (which God forbid) no one can now foresee. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke of those who have these convictions as a handful, and of their retiring into Lay Communion. I believe his Grace to be mistaken as to both points. People, mostly, do not speak out beforehand. Acute politicians were utterly mistaken in their calculations on a matter of very inferior importance which gave birth to the Free Kirk. To retire into Lay Communion seems to me an absurdity; for the question would be, not as to the exercise of our orders, but as to the character of the Church of England. To resign the office of teachers in her, since she would have become a new Church, would be the first step; what would be the next? They themselves have probably not pre-determined as to a future which they hope will never be. Allow me, in conclusion, to say that we only claim that things should remain as they are. Clergymen, at least, have no plea to demand a change; for of their own free will and choice they received Holy Orders in a church which recites the Athanasian Creed in her services. I believe that there is a great future for the Church of England if she remains what she is. What she would become if she made this first change no one could imagine. In principle, it would involve many more. It would content none, except as a stepping-stone to more. Our Common Prayer is the one great bond of union in the Church. I believe that the great majority of devout Churchmen are for retaining the Creed as it is. Anyhow, the change, we are convinced, if made by the Church, would constitute a new Church of England; our vows and duty remain to the old.

[From the Western Watchman.]

ACEPHALOUS PROTESTANTISM.

IT would seem our Baptist contemporary has discovered the utter hopelessness of establishing any bond of affinity between its sect and the Waldenses or Albigenses—at least its silence last week would seem to indicate a disappointed frame of mind. The fact is, Mr. Luther, at the beginning of the controversy, knew very little of the state of the question, and launched forth into debate without any knowledge of the difficulties to be encountered. He did not know that the Albigenses were by the French called Albigeois or Balarian (a name which from them has come down to us, with the infamy of a monstrous immorality.) The

Waldenses were called Voudois, or the Poor Men of Lyons. We will give our contemporary the information which it needs concerning these sects. The Albigenses take their origin as an organized body from the city of Calonia, their chief teacher having chosen that city for his residence. From this point they gradually emigrated westward until we find them on the borders of the Christian and Mohamedan Kingdoms of France and Spain, where, on neutral ground, they soon become aggressive. They indulged in rapine and bloodshed wherever force of numbers secured them immunity. When the apostate Count of Toulouse strove to support his failing fortunes by the plunder of the churches and monasteries, he found willing confederates in the Albigenses. This open rebellion called for immediate suppression, and the milder means of persuasion proving abortive, Pope Innocent III armed a new crusade to punish the murder of his apostolic legate. For many years Dominic labored with signal success among these people, and by the combined influence of the inquisition and the preaching of a purer revelation, these people soon passed from the stage of heretical strife.

Of the doctrines of the Albigenses this much is definitely known, that they strove to reconcile the doctrines of Christ with those of Zoroaster; and during their residence in Balaria they were persecuted by both religions. They rejected the Old Testament as the work of the evil principle, who, according to them, was a co-equal divinity with the author of good. Milner, in his "History of the Church," strives hard, but vainly, to prove that there were some points of doctrinal similarity between the Albigenses and modern Protestants; but, as Millman well observes, such attempts to exculpate these sectaries from the taint of Gnosticism and Manichæism are in direct defiance, if not in ignorance, of all original authorities. Gibbon, who exhibits a like disposition, seems never to have read Photius. This writer's history of the Manichæi Repululantes may be found in *Anecdota Græca*.

The Waldenses, or Poor Men of Lyons, took their origin from that city, and are so called from Peter Waldo, who in the year 1180 took it into his head to establish a new religious order, on principles at variance with the doctrines of the Church, and subversive of all public order. Many religious orders had before his time made a vow to the literal fulfilment of the gospel counsel, "If you would be perfect, sell all and give to the poor, and come follow me," by the entire renunciation of worldly goods, and the espousal of a life of mendicancy. But such extreme self-denial did not suit the far extremities of Peter Waldo. He not only renounced, but inveighed against all property as a robbery and a sin. This socialistic principle they put vigorously in practice, and soon drew upon them the censure of the Church and the persecution of the civil tribunals. Innocent III promptly condemned the new sect, and in so doing but renewed the censures of his predecessor Lucius III.

As to their doctrine and practices, we have the testimony of many contemporary writers. Stephen of Bellavilla, Alanus de Insulis (Alan de Ryssel, a monk of Clairveau and a scholastic philosopher of the twelfth century) Conrad, Abbot of Ursperg, Rainerius, who was himself for seventeen years a follower of Waldo, but who afterward was converted and became a priest. Martin and Peter Polichdorf, have all left their testimony regarding the faith and manners of the Waldenses. Bellavilla declares that his information is direct from a priest of Lyons, named Ydras, who when a youth was in conjunction with Sephen de Ansa, employed by Waldo to translate into French the first books of the Poor Men of Lyons, as also to render Scriptures into the vernacular.

Waldo was cited before the Council of Lateran and after a patient hearing of his case, was formally condemned. Thereupon he made common cause with the heretics of Languedoc and Province against the church and her teachings.

They can not claim origin anterior to the rebellion of Waldo. Their pamphlets issued in 1585, 1589, 1573, openly declare such origin. Peyran has endeavored to prove that works containing the doctrines of Waldenses bear date far anterior to Peter Waldo. For instance a treatise on Antichrist, dated 1120, another called La Nobla Leizon, of 1100. Waldo began his public preaching about the year 1170. Now even Muston, in his *Histoire des Voudois des Valles du Piemont*, admits that no proof exists of the genuineness of these works. Perrin, who wrote the history of the Waldenses, openly declares that Peter de Bruis, author of the sect of Petrobrusians, was the real author. Charvez states that the works contain the doctrines of the Cathari, not those of the Waldenses. Besides, it cites the *Millelogium*, which it ascribes to St. Augustine, whereas, it is incontrovertibly established, Augustinus Triumphus wrote the *Millelogium*, and he died in the year 1328.

The Nobla Leizon is of much later date, as will appear from the modern ideas of diplomacy of which it it extensively treats. The statement made therein that "eleven hundred years have elapsed since the utterance

of this prophesy" might prove it written in the 15th as easily as in the 12th century. Lastly, they advance two little works, one called the "Spiritual Almanac," the other "A Confession of Faith," either having an ancient date; but Muston is compelled to admit the spuriousness of both.

They even wish to prove that no such person as Peter Waldo ever existed, and they rest their argument on philological grounds. They say that in the beginning of the 12th century the custom of using surnames was not introduced into Europe. That is a mistake; St. Francis of Assisum was called Bernardone; St. Clare's family name was Sciffi; and even the name of Peter de Bruis furnishes an example of the custom.

As to the doctrines of the Waldenses, we have a summary in Charvez.

- 1st. They rejected episcopal authority.
- 2d. They taught that all who wore the Waldensian sandal and were in grace could both consecrate and absolve.
- 3d. They rejected oaths and capital punishment.
- 4th. The Roman Church was not, but the Waldensian church was the true Church of Christ.
- 5th. The imperfect might lie and commit perjury to save their lives.
- 6th. They rejected Purgatory and prayers for the dead.
- 7th. Women, as well as men, could be validly ordained.
- 8th. A priest in sin can not validly administer the Sacraments.
- 9th. The Crusaders were homicides.
- 10th. Clergymen who were possessed of property are children of Satan, and those who contribute to their wealth are sinners.
- 11th. They reject holidays and the veneration of saints and relics.
- 12th. Divorces might be validly granted, though no cause of complaint should exist against the party depending.
- 13th. They believed in auricular confession and extreme unction for the rich.
- 14th. They believed in Transubstantiation, but held that the change in the species was effected at the instant of reception by the worthy receiver.
- 15th. They had no churches or cemeteries, and reprobated their use.

Of course we find here many doctrines which savor of modern Protestantism. But were they not taught long before by the Donatists, the Vigilantians, the Iconoclasts, and by Arnold of Brescia? Some concessions on either side made the Waldenses and the Calvinists of Switzerland to unite their fortunes, and from the day of union we hear no more of the Waldenses.

What comfort can our Baptist contemporaries derive from these facts? The Baptists are but a branch of the Anabaptists, from whom they separated in 1620. Their petition to the British Parliament bears that date. It is plain that heresy and rebellion have marked every period of the Church's history, but these errors were not generated one by the other, but sprung up without any pre-ordaining cause from the proud brain and corrupt heart of their author. Revolutions in the ecclesiastical world have as little connection or inherent dependence, one upon another, as have revolutions in the political world. On any other hypothesis, the Commune might be proved to antedate the Christian era, and to be, in fact, the most legitimate and best form of government for men. But what connection between the murder of the hostages and the assassination of Julius Cæsar? As much as between Protestantism and the Waldenses.

[From the New York World, August 27th.]

CHARLOTTE OF MEXICO.

A BRIEF telegram this morning announces the closing scene of the most pathetic political tragedy of our times. The widow of Maximilian of Mexico, who has expiated three short and troublous years of an imperial state which was in truth but an imperial exile, by five long and weary years of always hopeless lunacy, and of almost incessant physical suffering, is announced to be dying. The last sacraments of the church to which she was so passionately devoted that she risked, and led her husband to risk for its sake, the success of their wild imperial venture, have been administered to her; and, doubtless, ere these words can be printed in the New World, which was the theater of the enterprise, and of the catastrophe which have made her name a part of modern history, the fitful fever of her hopeless life will have found the only healing that was possible to it, at the hands of the angel of death. A believer in the ancient Nemesis, who should believe also—as many a student of these times will no doubt believe—come to do—that Maximilian and Charlotte were moved by no ignoble impulses to attempt the establishment of an empire in Mexico, might well find an impressive illustration of his faith in the fate which has already overtaken the foremost agents in the death of the young Emperor, and in the misery worse than death of his widow. The

master of France—arbitrator then of Europe he deemed himself, and was, by others, admitted to be—who urged the Austrian Archduke to accept the crown tendered him by the Mexican notables at Miramar, is an exile now on the soil of England. Around the death of Maximilian no associations gather unworthy of a gallant prince and a brave man. The hostility of those who had most cause to hate the intruding monarch melts into respect and compassion at the recollection of the calmness, the dignity and the courage with which the descendant of Charles the Fifth met his fate in the land of Cortez and Montezuma. Art and romance may not one day disdain to deal with the catastrophe of Queretaro. But what gifts can ever ennoble the dismal comedy of Sedan?

More direct was the agency in the ruin of Maximilian and Charlotte of that Marshal of France who now awaits, in his prison-house at Versailles, a hardly dubious verdict. The double-dealing of Bazaine toward the Emperor, whom he was commissioned to establish on his throne, is believed in Mexico to have been inspired by avarice, and partly by ambition. Whatever its motives may have been, its influence was fatal to a cause which the most loyal support of its foreign allies perhaps could never have made successful. What pangs of indignation were inflicted on the proud Archduke and upon his prouder Archduchess by this coarse, cunning and selfish soldier it needs but a slight acquaintance with the facts of their common history to enable us to conceive. The recollection of them will perchance come back only too sharply to their author when he in his turn is summoned, as it is more than probable he soon will be, to face a file of muskets by the side of an open grave. But the Austrian Archduke died to expiate a magnificent failure. The Marshal of France will die to atone, if not for an odious treason, at least for lack of patriotism hardly less criminal.

The share of President Juarez in the events of which the approaching fate of the ex-Empress Charlotte to-day revives the recollection was quite other than that of Napoleon and of Bazaine. The Indian champion of Mexican independence was in his right. He meted out to the European prince, whose sway he refused to admit, the measures which had been meted to thousands upon thousands of his own race by their European conquerors. And it is hard for any man not a Mexican to say that Juarez and Lerdo, bent above all things else upon making monarchy impossible in Mexico, and bound by their convictions so to make it were wrong, inhuman, or even unwise in the resolution which they enforced, after full deliberation, and to the regret and consternation of the civilized world. They knew their own people and did their work, as we are bound to suppose, in the light of that knowledge. But the executive who signed the death-warrant of the young Emperor has passed away, and that account, too, has been closed ere the end of earth came to his heart-broken Empress. With Charlotte of Mexico herself it has happened as with so many another lovely and luckless woman of history. The share which her own mistakes of judgment or of feeling, her own lack of wisdom, her misguided ambition, may have had in preparing or in precipitating her husband's doom and her own, may be carefully elucidated and set forth by candid and painstaking historians. But it will not have a feather's weight in the scale of general opinion against the charms of the woman and the calamities of the princess. Froude is not the first person who has spent himself in eloquent efforts to convict Mary of Scotland, and to exonerate or even to exalt her successful rival, cousin and executor. But Froude, like his predecessors, will have his labor for his pains.

Charlotte of Mexico belongs to that army of historical martyrs for enrollment in which it is enough to have been a woman, and unhappy, beautiful, young, haughty, impassionate and miserable. Were she but a simple lady, and not a princess, her story indeed has been touching enough to move all hearts. Her father was the most fortunate prince of the age. All that was to be denied by destiny to his daughter was lavished upon him. Her mother, a princess of the house of Orleans, never found in her father's heart the place which had been filled by his first wife, the long-lamented Charlotte of England. The imperious will of Leopold, indeed, exacted of her what must have been the disagreeable concession of bestowing upon her eldest daughter the name of her predecessor. The childhood of the young princess was passed in an atmosphere of coldness and restraint. Her marriage with the Archduke Maximilian introduced her into a new circle of family jealousies and dislikes. She found her husband, whom she passionately loved, distrusted by her brother, the Emperor of Austria, and detested by his mother, the Archduchess Sophia. The project of empire in Mexico came to her unquestionably as a welcome emancipation from the vexations and annoyances of her position in Austria, and there can be but little doubt that she had a great part in determining her husband to undertake it. The consciousness of this must have bitterly wrought with her in the dark days when the splendid dream be-

gan to disappear and the hard reality of disaster to make itself felt.

She was a young woman of but twenty-seven years when she set sail from Vera Cruz in 1867, upon that desperate voyage to Paris and Rome which was to end in madness. When she landed at Brest, to find that there was not so much as an officer of her brother's court sent from Brussels to receive her, anxiety and anguish had already added half a score of years to her apparent age. Her desperate interview with Napoleon at the Tuileries, her interview more desperate still with the Pope at the Vatican, completed the work. She reached the lovely home by the Adriatic, from which she had set out, four years before, brilliant, aspiring, rejoicing in her beauty, her youth, her husband, and in her imperial hopes, a wreck in body, in heart, and in mind. From that day to this the pity of the civilized world alone has kept alive any thought of her beyond the narrow limits of her palace-hospital at Lacken. And to-day it will dismiss her to the tender care of romance and poetry. In the days that are to come, with the benison of Kent upon King Lear:

Vex not her ghost. O, let her pass! He hates her
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch her out longer.

THE ROMANCE OF ARITHMETIC.

SURELY, figures owe us whatever little of romance is to be got out of them. Have they not been associated from our earliest childhood with the taste of tears and slate-pencil? Have they not been the invariable cause of one's income being insufficient to meet one's expenditure? Have they not tyrannized over our tastes and enjoyments? And has not the sole reason of that gap which, at every year's end, prevents some of us, in spite of the most laudable intentions, from making both ends meet, been the obstinate persistence of two and two in their sullen refusal to make any more than four? I am rejoiced to learn that Pythagoras, who said something civil about all the other numbers, had a very poor opinion of figure two. I am delighted to know that he regarded this disreputable figure as the symbol of disorder, of division, of confusion, and inequality; as a hopelessly depraved number of evil augury, as an exceeding bad principle—nay, as the very Old Bad Principle himself. I've no patience with figure two, nor with the way in which it gets held up to public esteem in connection with what is supposed to be the very satisfactory proposition that two and two make four. I can not regard it in that light. Whatever is good for any thing ought to improve and increase; and if this boasted pair of twos had any genuine enterprise at all about them they would have made at least six by this time—in which case I might, without difficulty, have learned what a balance meant in my banker's book. As it is, they have not merely wasted their opportunities, but done me a personal injury. Besides, it is my opinion that three and one make four in a manner quite as successful, and very much less obtrusive.

The most romantic of all numbers is figure nine, because it can't be multiplied away or got rid of anyhow. Whatever you do, it is as sure to turn up again as was the body of Eugene Aram's victim. One remarkable property of this figure (said to have been first discovered by W. Green, who died in 1794) is, that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by what you like and it gives the same result. Begin with twice nine, 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 make 9. Three times nine are 27; and 2 and 7 make 9. So it goes on, up to eleven times nine, which gives 99. Very good; add the digits; 9 and 9 are 18, and 8 and 1 are 9. Going on to any extent, it is impossible to get rid of figure 9. Take a couple of instances at random. Three hundred and thirty-nine times nine are 3,051; add up the figures and they give 9. Five thousand and seventy-one times nine are 45,639; the sum of these digits is 27; and 2 and 7 are 9.

M. de Maivan found out another queer thing about this number, namely: that if you take any row of figures, and, reversing their order, make a subtraction sum of it, the total is sure to be 9. For example:

Take 5071
Reverse the figures 1705

3366=18, and 1x8=9.

The same result is obtained if you raise the numbers so changed to their squares or cubes. Starting with 62, begin the sum over again. By reversing the digits we get 26, which, subtracted from 62, leaves 36, or 3x6=9. The squares of 26 and 62 are, respectively, 676 and 3,844. Subtract one from the other and you get 3,168=18, and 1x8=9. So with the cubes of 26 and 62, which are 17,576 and 238,328. Subtract, they leave 220,752=18, and 1x8=9.

The powerfully be-nine influence of this figure is exemplified in another way. Write down any number, as, for example, 7,549,132, subtract therefrom the sum

of its digits, and no matter what figures you start with, the digits of the product will always come to 9.

7549132= sum of digits 31.

31

7549101= sum of digits 27, and $2 \times 7 = 9$.

A very good puzzle has been based on this principle, as follows: Get another person to write down a horizontal row of figures, as many as he likes, without letting you see what he is about from beginning to end of the whole performance. He is then to reckon up the sum of the digits, and subtract that from his row of figures. When he has done this, bid him cross out any figure he pleases from the product, and tell you how much the figures add up without the crossed-out figure. From the numbers so given you will be able to tell what figure he has crossed out, by only bearing in mind the fact learned above, namely: that if no figure at all had been crossed out, the result would necessarily be 9 or a multiple of 9. Hence you will see that the crossed-out figure must needs be the one required to bring the sum given to the next multiple of 9. Supposing, for instance, he gives his result at 37, you may be sure that he has robbed the product of 8, that being the figure needed to restore the total to the next multiple of 9—namely, 45. His sum would stand as under:

405678237= sum of digits 42.

42

405678195= 37

There is only one case in which you can be at fault, and that is in the event of a multiple 9 being returned to you as a product. Of course, then, you will know that either a 9 or a 0 must have been struck out. Had the 9 been struck out in the above instance, the result would have been 36; had it been the 0, the product would have been 45. Both being multiples of 9, it would be impossible to tell with certainty whether the missing figure were 9 or 0; but a good guess may generally be formed, because, if the figures appear suspiciously low in proportion to the time taken to tot up the sum, you may speculate that your product has most likely sustained the loss of the highest number.

That is a clever Persian story about Mohammed Ali and the camels, and though it will be familiar to many of my readers, they will scarcely be sorry to be reminded of it. A Persian died, leaving seventeen camels to be divided among his three sons in the following proportions: the eldest to have half, the second a third, and the youngest a ninth. Of course, camels can't be divided into fractions, so, in despair, the brothers submitted their difficulty to Mohammed Ali. "Nothing easier!" said the wise Ali: "I'll lend you another camel to make eighteen, and now divide them yourselves." The consequence was, each brother got from one-eighth to one-half of a camel more than he was entitled to, and Ali received his camel back again; the eldest brother getting nine camels, the second six, and the third two.

Johann August Musæus, one of the most popular German story-writers of the last century, in his story of *Libussa*, makes the Lady of Bohemia put forth the following problem to her three lovers, offering her hand and throne as the prize for a correct solution. "I have here in my basket," said the Lady Libussa, "a gift of plums for each of you, picked from my garden. One of you shall have half and one more, the second shall again have half and one more, and the third shall again have half and three more. This will empty my basket. Now tell me how many plums are in it?"

The first knight made a random guess at three-score. "No," replied the lady. "But if there were as many more, half as many more, and a third as many more as there are now in the basket, with five more added to that, the number would by so much exceed three-score as it now falls short of it."

The second knight, getting awfully bewildered, speculated, wildly, on forty-five.

"Not so," said this royal ready-reckoner. "But if there were a third as many more, half as many more, and a sixth as many more as there are now, there would be in my basket as many more than forty-five as there now are under that number."

Prince Wladimir then decided the number of plums to be thirty; and by so doing obtained this invaluable housekeeper for his wife. The Lady Libussa thereupon counted him out fifteen plums and one more, when there remained fourteen. To the second knight, she gave seven and one more, and six remained. To the first knight, she gave half of these and three more; and the basket was empty. The discarded lovers went off with their heads exceedingly giddy, and their mouths full of plums.

Double Position, or the Rule of False, by which problems of this sort are worked, ought to demolish the commonplace about two wrongs not making a right. Two wrongs do make a right, figuratively speaking, at all events. Starting with two willfully false numbers, you work each out to its natural conclusion. Then, taking the sum of your iniquities as compared with the

falsehoods with which you started, you have only to multiply them crosswise to get terms which will bring you straight to the truth. To be more precise, after the cross multiplication, if the errors are alike—that is, both greater or both less than the number you want—take their difference for a divisor, and the difference of their products for a dividend. If unlike, take their sum for a divisor, and the sum of their products for a dividend. The quotient will be the answer. This is good arithmetic, and, for those who can receive it, not bad philosophy. There is an enormous self-righting power about error, and if we could only manage the cross-multiplication properly, we might get some surprising results.

The number 37 has this strange peculiarity: multiplied by 3 or any multiple of 3 up to 27, it gives three figures all alike. Thus, three times 37 will be 111. Twice three times (6 times) 37 will be 222; three times three times (9 times) 37 gives three threes; four times three times (12 times) 37, three fours; and so on.

I will wind up for the present with a rather barefaced story of how a Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travelers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven bedrooms:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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"Now," said she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom, and wait there a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I've shown the others to their rooms."

Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, and the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where, you will remember, she had left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, and said: "I've now accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare, so if one of you will please step into No. 11, you will find it empty." Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course there is a hole in the saucepan somewhere; but I leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before deciding as to which, if any, of the travelers was the odd man out.—*Chambers' Journal*.

SPAIN.

THE uprising of the adherents of Don Carlos in Spain is by no means a failure, or a thing of the past, if the cable dispatches are to be credited. There has been for about two months simply a cessation of effort on their part, in order that operations may be carried on with greater effect hereafter. Amadeus will find it a difficult matter to maintain himself on the throne which he now holds in defiance of the wishes of the Spanish people. The following is the latest news via the Atlantic Cable:

MADRID, Aug. 14. It is now known that the Government has received information of an organized plan for an insurrection in the disaffected provinces of the north. The time fixed by the revolutionists for their uprising is the 27th of the present month. The French Government has been informed of the plans of the conspirators, and requested to use precautions to prevent them from receiving aid from France. The Government is in receipt of information from various sources regarding the secret movements of prominent Carlists throughout the country. A number of these are known to be in constant communication with their chief, Don Carlos, now in Switzerland. The agents of the prince are now actively engaged in reviving the Carlist agitation in Catalonia, Biscay, and other provinces. The Government, however, is fully apprised of their movements, and will be prepared, by the use of stringent measures, to promptly check any further attempt at insurrection. Lieutenant General Primo de Rivera has been appointed Generalissimo of the troops in the Northern Department, in the place of General Losagayou, who was compelled to relinquish the command in consequence of sickness.

PARIS, Aug. 27. The French authorities are interviewing all the Carlists found in the southern departments suspected of complicity in the plot for an insurrection against the Government of King Amadeus.

THE GERMAN JESUITS.

IT is a great mistake, says the *Catholic Advocate*, to suppose that the Jesuits of Germany will take wing and fly from their country on account of the late persecutions raised against them. They are tired of that. They will stay where they are. It is true that they have made use of the offer of the Duke of Arenberg, but only for their scholastics and old, infirm men; the working men of the Society will stand their ground and take the consequences. This thing of running is played out. If these lovers of religious liberty who are now showing their colors in the German Empire, by their efforts against the Jesuits, hope to frighten people away, and thus get rid of an opposition to their infidel wishes, they must learn that the Church can supply as many martyrs now as at the beginning. Not a single Jesuit has ar-

rived in this country from Russia that was not on his way before the storm burst, and they were not flying. They were about their master's business. Those who are at home will stay there, let Bismarck do his best..

ANSWER OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH TO THE INSULTING TAUNTS OF THE AGE.

I KNOW you hate me because I am the palladium of truth and of public and private morality; I am the root and bond of charity and faith; I love justice and hate iniquity. But it is for this very reason that I will remain forever; for truth and justice being, in the end, always victorious, I will not cease to bless and to triumph. All the works of earth have perished; time has obliterated them. But I remain, because Christ remains, and I will endure until I pass from my earthly exile to my country in Heaven.

Human theories and systems have flitted across my path like birds of night, but they have vanished: numberless sects have, like so many waves, dashed themselves to froth against me, this rock, or, recoiling, have been lost in the vast ocean of forgetfulness. Kingdoms and empires that once existed in inimitable worldly grandeur, are no more; dynasties have died out, and have been replaced by others.

Thrones and sceptres and crowns have withstood me; but immutable, like God, who laid my foundation, I am the firm, unshaken centre, round which the weal and woe of nations move—weal if they adhere to it—woe if they separate from it. If the world takes from me the cross of gold, I will bless the world with one of wood.

Tear down my banner of the cross if you can! Touch a single fold of it if you dare! Sound your battle-cry; rally your hosts—marshal your ranks! Storm these lofty summits. They have never yet been surrendered! The flag that waved above them has never trailed in defeat, and the hearts that guard that flag have never flinched before the foe, and the bravery that shoots through every film of these hearts has never faltered. On with the conflict! Let it rage! Our line of battle reaches back to Calvary. That line has never been broken by the wildest onset! The soldiers have never fled! We are the sons of veterans who have marched through a campaign of eighteen hundred years—marched and never halted—marched and always triumphed! We belong to the old Imperial Guard of Faith! We have never yet met a Waterloo!

I am a queen—but a warrior queen. You will never find me on a throne here below. Banner in hand, I am ever in the midst of battle. I have never granted a day of truce to my enemies. War against all who war against God—war against all who war against Christ—war against all who war against man—war against all who war against truth—this is my destiny.

Peace, here below, I have never known. Rest, here below, I have never found. I am always on the march—my banner ever unfurled—my war-cry ever sounding! Therefore, in the storm and shock of my battle of to-day with my enemies, my soldier-children fear not. Around my old chieftain they rally. What though some may desert and leave the lines? The lines close up again, and the deserters are not missed. What though a Judas Iscariot may betray? A brave Matthias takes his place. What though a few of craven spirit may flee? The ranks they left are filled by brave men and true.

From the hill of Calvary to the hill of the Vatican, from Peter before the Council to Pius before the Sardinian, my history has been one long, uninterrupted battle—and my battle one long and glorious victory!—*Muller's Public Schools*, pp. 267—270.

[From the Catholic World.]

AMBROSIA.

A LEGEND OF AUGSBERG.

[Conclusion.]

After listening to this peculiar and interesting legend, I led the conversation to the book I wished to purchase, and which Ambrosia had brought home with her on purpose. Reinhold knew the value of it perfectly well, and firmly resisted my well-meant attempts to fix a price upon it beyond what even its merits warranted. I was hardly able to indulge in such extravagance, yet *bibliomania* had always been my besetting sin, and I had curtailed our little household in many ways to feed my library. Besides, here was a charity as well-deserved as it seemed well-placed; how else, with my limited means, could I help my poor friends? But my fellow-bookworm was proof against all such artifices, and I was reduced to ask him, point-blank, was there anything which he would allow me to do for him? Without the least show of fussy pride, but with a quiet, manly gratitude that was immeasurably more dignified, he answered at once, his voice shaking as he looked at his little son:

"A very little would make my child's life happy and useful, and, *lieber Herr*, that little I have it not."

"How stupid of me!" I exclaimed. "I might have thought of that myself. Is he to be a scholar, or an artist,

or what?" I said, stroking his hair, while his great eyes were fixed hungrily on mine.

"Books are his passion," said his father, "and he knows all our poets by heart. He should have a literary education, I think."

"But," said I, "he could not go alone to the university, and if you do not mind leaving Augsburg, would it not be best for you all to go together? I have some English friends at Bonn—Catholics and rich people; they will do much for your child that I can not do, though my heart would rejoice to do it, so suppose we start to-morrow?"

Reinhold looked up incredulously. Ambrosia laughed, and the poor little cripple clapped his hands in ecstasy. I watched the girl to see whether a shade of regret denoted ties of a tenderer or more passionate nature than her strong, calm family affections; but there was no sign of anything save quiet joy and a gratitude that in its fulness made me feel quite ashamed. I kept thinking of what could be done for her; whether my English friends at Bonn could or would be kind to her in any practical way, and whether in that case she and her father would ever submit to being provided for by the kindness of strangers. She seemed too self-reliant for that; and although she evidently longed for the same education her brother was to have, and had, indeed, already amassed, in the intervals of her active work, such miscellaneous knowledge as mere reading could give her, yet I felt sure that she would insist on earning her bread and helping to support her father. I decided on introducing the old man to the notice of some great publisher, with whom an arrangement about his manuscripts might, perhaps, be made; but of this we did not speak just now. I left the room full of our new projects, and spent the early part of the next day in carefully visiting the scenes of Ambrosia's life, death and marvellous resurrection. In the afternoon I went back to Reinhold's old-fashioned abode, and found every thing nearly ready. The books were packed in a curious old chest, which was certainly a quaint contrast to the trunks and valises of modern tourists; this and some of the old furniture, endeared to Reinhold and his daughter by the associations of a lifetime, were to be forwarded to their new destination through the care of the good "Pfarrer," (parish-priest) and a few little necessities, (a very slender amount in the eyes of our "girls of the period," I fancy!) together with the precious manuscripts, were to go with us in a large leather hand-bag, which I volunteered to carry. I asked to be allowed to take charge of the little brother, too, as we were too near the railway to need a carriage, but Ambrosia laughingly caught him up, and, with gentle deftness, insisted on carrying him, telling me to give my disengaged arm to her invalid father. As soon as we were seated in the train, Ambrosia began to tell me that she had never been in one before. I asked if she were sorry to leave the old town.

"Oh! no," she said, "I know I shall go back there one day, when I know more than I do now."

I wondered if there were any hidden meaning in the words. Reinhold and I talked "shop" all the way, till our fellow-passengers must have been bored with our enthusiastic bibliomania. Ambrosia sat chatting gayly to her little brother, whose glee and wonder were sometimes gravely expressed in questions that made our neighbors laugh. When we got to Bonn, and were comfortably settled at a quiet, old-fashioned hotel, absolutely perfect in its appointments, but as unobtrusive of its merits as its gaudy, noisy rivals were shrilly eager about theirs, I set out to find my friends. They were out of town. Without their influence I was powerless, so I had to wait a few days for their return. They took up the matter as warmly as I could have wished, and were particularly anxious to do something for Ambrosia; the difficulty was to find something she would accept. In the meantime, the crippled child was recommended to the college authorities, with plenty of guarantees, seen to by the priest, who was my friend's adviser and fellow-worker in all his good schemes, and Reinhold was quietly put in the way of good opportunity for the publication of some of his accumulated writings. The little boy promised well, and I was more anxious about Ambrosia, who wanted to support herself by needle-work.

"You see," she said to me, a week after our arrival, "some of the work will be knitting, and I can read as I knit; then I will go to school at night and on Sunday, and pick up what I can, and twice a week I will make time for the singing-class. There is a very good one, and so cheap, attached to our church here, and the master is a really great artist, though he is old and very poor now. He and my father will be friends, I know, so you see I shall be as well off as it is possible."

Nothing could move her from her resolve, and as I had to leave Bonn shortly after, I was obliged to take things as they were. I received monthly bulletins of my little *protégé's* conduct and progress, and some times heard from Ambrosia and Reinhold, through their rare but warm letters, though oftener from my friends established at Bonn. After a while, I heard that the girl

had consented to take music lessons twice a week, in the evening, with Miss L., my friend's niece, and sometimes to share her French and Latin lessons. English she already knew. The needle-work was not abandoned, however, and Ambrosia, I was told, seemed to gain new energy with each new pursuit she under-took. Reinhold's works were in a fair way of being successfully published, and his circumstances were actually beginning to mend. I never heard of such a lucky venture as that hurriedly made at the Augsburg book-stall! Every thing and everybody favored it, and my quiet old sister at home used to make me tell the story over and over again, as we turned over the pages of the book that had been the first *deus ex machina* of the romance. She was certainly disappointed in the want of a lover for Ambrosia, and, to console herself, would sometimes so arrange the little we knew as to make it the frame of a possible love-story that we did not, and never might, know.

A year passed by in this way, when business called me up from my cottage in the Isle of Wight to London. It was May, and the exhibitions were just open. I went to Burlington House, and saw very little that was worth seeing; then to Pall Mall, to some of the minor galleries. The French collection of paintings was pretty upon the whole, but suddenly I came upon a picture that was really striking. An old German town and a cathedral, painted to the very life, formed a most varied back-ground, upon which a conventional "crowd," that is, a few picturesque groups of burghers and peasants in the costume (accurate to the slightest detail) of the early part of the sixteenth century, was represented, gazing at the central figure, a maiden dressed in white, with two thick cords of golden hair streaking the snowy robe. I looked at once for Mephistopheles and his victim Faust, taking this for a novel and very artistic representation of Goethe's masterpiece; and turning to the catalogue I looked for the name of the painter—"Franz Eichenenthal." But the painting itself was marked "Ambrosia, a Legend of Augsburg," and, in a few brief words beneath, the story was told as Reinhold had told it to me. Strangely interested, I looked at the white figure; I saw the likeness which had before escaped me; it was Ambrosia's face, her abundant hair, her grand form; the repose, the dignity that I so well remembered were there, but over the whole was thrown an air of etherealized peace and beauty which was a fitting tribute to the entirely spiritual essence of the story. I looked to see if Engelbrecht were anywhere represented, and thought I could discover him in a corner, half hidden by the shadow from a buttress of the cathedral. There was a wonderfully energetic expression about this face, which made me single it out from the rest, as being probably meant for the unhappy lover. There was strength and nobility in the features, and an almost feminine grace in the figure, while the look of horror and remorse struggling with unbelief was in painful contrast with this courtly exterior. Underneath, on the buttress, was carved, in antique characters, the name of the painter, "Franciscus Eichenenthal, pinxit." It certainly happened to be the most obvious place for this traditional signature of the artist, yet I could not help fancying, almost hoping, that there was more in it than a mere chance, and that "Engelbrecht" was, in fact, the portrait of the painter himself. Ambrosia's face drew me to it again; the likeness was life itself, yet such as an American authoress describes as "not the man that we are, but the angel that we may be." She says that "as to every leaf and flower there is an ideal to which the growth of the plant is constantly urging, so there is constantly urging, so there is an ideal to every human being, a perfect form in which it might appear, were every defect removed and every characteristic excellence stimulated to the highest point." She likens this to the image of St. Augustine, as his mother, with her spiritual prophetic sight, saw him all through his reckless youth, and then says: "Could a mysterious foresight unveil to us this resurrection form of the friends with whom we daily walk, compassed about with mortal infirmity, we should follow them with faith and reverence through all the disguises of human faults and weaknesses, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."

The German artist seemed to have had some such revelation vouchsafed to him concerning Ambrosia. The picture was unspeakably beautiful, and I felt instinctively that in the future it would become literally true. And yet the girl had never before struck me as having so exalted a nature; perhaps it was that she was so utterly unlike the usual ideal of a perfect woman.

I made inquiries as to whether the picture was an "order," or simply a speculation, and learned that it had been the latter, but was now destined for the hall of the "Young Men's Catholic Society" at Augsburg. An English nobleman had been so struck with it abroad that he had induced the artist to have it exhibited in London, and had himself ordered engravings and photographs from it. I felt very much inclined to go in for another extravagance, and have it copied on a reduced scale for my library, but I thought it most prudent to consult my sister first. I went home full of my discovery,

and at once wrote to Reinhold for an explanation. I received a very happy letter from Ambrosia herself, in return, telling me of her engagement to the painter Eichenenthal, who was an Augsburg man, and had lived for many years quite close to their old home, without either family having the remotest knowledge of each other. At the singing-class these two had met; their fellow-citizenship had first drawn them together, and the old master, whose favorite pupil the artist was, had brought him to see Reinhold. The result was natural, and my sister was innocently enthusiastic over the ending in so pleasant a reality of the romance she had begun in imagination many months before.

There was a quiet wedding at Bonn, and my friend's niece, Ambrosia's companion in her studies, was bridesmaid. My sister and I went over to be present, and the dear old father, now quite strong again, gave his daughter a copy of his first published work for a wedding gift. Next to the dedication leaf, which was addressed to your humble servant, and overflowing with affectionate expressions, there was a cheque for half the proceeds of the work (and the sum was not to be sneered at, I can assure you).

Ambrosia and her husband then went to Rome, where Eichenenthal identified himself with the school of Overbeck, and became very popular among the foreign visitors and patrons of art. The Englishman who had taken such a fancy to his picture of the Augsburg legend chanced to come across him again in Rome, and, having succeeded to his father's property, lavishly encouraged his artist friend. A *replica*, full size, of the original "Ambrosia" was painted for his chapel in England, and a large picture, representing a group of the patron saints of his family clustering round the throne of the Virgin and Child, was also ordered. The painter's wife was the model for a St. Catharine of Sienna, and the Englishman himself, a thorough Saxon in build and features, made a magnificent St. Edward the Confessor.

Several years later, the young couple settled in Augsburg, where Eichenenthal established a flourishing school of Christian art, and used to give lectures on the subject in the very hall where his first successful work was hung. Ambrosia's brother got on so wonderfully that at twenty he was made professor of belles-lettres at Bonn, and was famous for writing the most beautiful religious poetry that had been known for many years. Ambrosia's children gather round their young crippled uncle in the spacious, old-fashioned house where Reinhold lives with his daughter, and make him repeat wonderful mediæval legends clothed in verse of his own. This is how he spends his vacation. Reinhold is always at his manuscripts, and the same books that used to be his pitiful stock in trade are now the cherished ornaments of his large library. The Christmas-tree gathering in that house is a poem in itself. The children of Ambrosia's friend—the English girl of Bonn—are often there playing with the artist's beautiful boys, for there is no Ambrosia the younger among Eichenenthal's children. The best society of Augsburg, Protestant and Catholic alike, delight to honor the successful artist; the musical soirées given in his house are as perfect in their way as each of his own paintings, and never is anything purely worldly allowed to appear under his roof.

"When I first saw my wife," he says, "I was a Lutheran, or rather a so-called philosopher, but since I won her, I vowed to make her my arbiter and my conscience; you see the result. 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

"And this is the end?" I said, regretfully, as Archer paused.

"Not quite," he answered with a peculiar smile; "the end will not really come till Ambrosia has grown to be the counterpart of her spiritual portrait. But she is growing toward that standard every day. Would that you and I were, old friend!"

"There is time yet," I said; "let us try."

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.—He is above a mean thing. He can not stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He betrays no secret confided to his keeping. He never takes selfish advantages of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He does not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If, by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsils, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at the window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bands and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted alone, out of sight, near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no offices, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly, he can not descend to scurrility. In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every man.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

A NIGHT-PRAYER. — BY FATHER RYAN.

[We know our readers will all appreciate the following beautiful "night-prayer" by Father Ryan, of whom it is not too much to say he is America's most gifted poet. Let those who do not preserve THE GUARDIAN, at least cut out this poem and preserve it. — ED. GUARDIAN.]

Dark ! Dark ! Dark !
The sun is set ; the day is dead,
Thy Feast has fled,
My eyes are wet, with tears unshed
I bow my head ;
Where the star-fringed shadows softly sway,
I bend my knee,
And, like a home-sick child, I pray
Mary ! to Thee.

Dark ! Dark ! Dark !
And, all the Day—since white-robed Priest
In farthest East,
In dawn's first ray—began the Feast—
I— I the least—
Thy least, and last and lowest child
I called on Thee !
Virgin ! didst hear ? my words were wild ;
Didst think of me ?

Dark ! Dark ! Dark !
Alas ! and no ! the Angels bright
With wings as white
As a dream of snow—in love and Light
Flashed on thy sight ;
They shone, like stars around Thee ! Queen !
I knelt afar—
A shadow only dims the scene
Where shines a star !

Dark ! Dark ! Dark !
And all day long—beyond the sky
Sweet—pure—and high
The Angels' song swept sounding by
Triumphantly ;
And when such music filled thy ear—
Rose round thy throne—
How could I hope that thou wouldst hear
My far, faint moan ?

Dark ! Dark ! Dark !
And all day long—where altars stand,
Or poor or grand,
A countless throng—from every land,
With lifted hand,
Winged hymns to Thee from sorrow's vale
In glad acclaim—
How couldst thou hear my lone lips wail
Thy sweet, pure name ?

Dark ! Dark ! Dark !
Alas ! and no—Thou didst not hear
Nor bend thy ear
To prayer of woe as mine so drear ;
For hearts more dear
Hide me from hearing and from sight ;
This bright Feast-day ;
Wilt hear me, Mother ! if in its night
I kneel and pray ?

Dark ! Dark ! Dark !
The sun is set—the day is dead,
Thy feast has fled ;
My eyes are wet with the tears I shed—
I bow my head ;
Angels and Altars hailed Thee, Queen,
All day ; ah ! be
To night, what thou hast ever been,
A mother to me !

Dark ! Dark ! Dark !
Thy Queenly Crown in angel's sight
Is fair and bright ;
Ah ! lay it down ; for oh ! to-night
Its jewelled light
Shines not as the tender love-light shines,
O, Mary ! mild,
In the mother's eyes, whose pure heart pines
For poor, lost child !

Dark ! Dark ! Dark !
Sceptre in hand—Thou dost hold sway
Fore'er and aye.
In angel-land—but fair Queen ! pray !
Lay it away—
Let thy scepter wave in the realms above
Where angels are ;
But, Mother ! fold in thine arms of love
Thy child afar !

Dark ! Dark ! Dark !
Mary ! I call ! Wilt hear the Prayer
My poor lips dare !
Yea ! be to all—a Queen most fair,
Crown, sceptre bear !
But look on me with a Mother's eyes
From Heaven's bliss ;
And waft to me from the starry skies
A Mother's kiss !

Dark ! Dark ! Dark !
The sun is set—the day is dead ;
Her feast has fled ;
Can she forget the sweet blood shed,
The last words said
That evening—"Woman ! behold thy Son ?"
Oh ! priceless Right !
Of all her children, the last, least one
Is heard to-night.

Night of August 15th, 1872.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

KEEP THE GATE SHUT.

An English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of horsemen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious that they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he dispatched one of his workmen to the field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened.

The boy went as he was bidden, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain ; one after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result ; the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while, one of noblemen present advanced, and said, in commanding tones :

"My boy, you do not know me ; I am the Duke of Wellington—one not accustomed to be disobeyed ; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly :

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said :

"I honor the man or boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer, not only the French, but the world."

And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice—"Hurrah, hurrah ! I've done what Napoleon could not do ; I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

Every boy is a gate-keeper ; and his master's command is, "Be thou faithful until death." Are you tempted to drink, to smoke or chew tobacco ? Keep the gate of your mouth fast closed, and allow no evil company to enter. When evil companions would counsel you to break the Sabbath, to lie, to deal falsely, to disobey your parents, keep the gate of your ears fast shut against such enticements. And when the bold blasphemer would instil doubts of the great truth of revelation, then keep the gate of your heart locked and barred against his infamous suggestions, remembering that it is only the fool that hath said in his heart, "There is no God."

"LOST."

A little girl, playing at the street door, strayed away, and her friends were almost frantic with grief. So they engaged a man to go through the streets, and, by means of a large bell, announce to the citizens this sad loss.

We do not have a crier in our city streets now, to ring a bell for lost children. If a child is picked up that appears to be lost, it is taken to the station-house nearest to the place in which it is found ; then the officers at that house telegraph to all the others the fact of the little stray one being found. So the parents, as soon as they miss their child, instead of running around the streets, go at once to the station-house near to their own, and tell of their loss ; and very soon they have their darling in their arms again.

How sad it must be to be lost ! If any of my little readers never were, they do not know the dreary feeling of being in a strange place, among strange people, not knowing where your own kind friends are ; and I sincerely hope they will never experience that feeling.

But oh, it is much worse to be lost from God ; to stray away from His protecting love ; to go so far away that we can not tell where to find Him ; to be surrounded by people who do not know Him. But He has promised that those who seek Him shall find Him, and those who call upon Him, He will answer ; and as the loving parents instantly go after the lost child as soon as they are informed where they may find it, so our Heavenly Father will come to us if we cry out that we are lost but for the light of His countenance.

I know a little girl, living in Barbadoes, one of the islands of the West Indies, who was lost in a sugar-cane field. For half a day and night her anxious friends searched for her ; and when, at early dawn of morning, she was found, she was but a stone's throw from her grandfather's house ; from which she had strayed.

Just imagine the little one, away from her comfortable bed, out in the dreary field at night, and hearing her father calling her, while her feeble voice could not make him hear her, and her bewildered feet could not lead her home.

But God was there. His angels watched

over her. And I hope that when through His providence she was once more in her parents' arms, they did not forget to thank Him for His mercy.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE new Spanish Budget will show a deficit of 2,600,000,000 reals.

"DOWN with Christ," is the regenerating shibboleth of United Italy.

VEUVIUS is threatening. Smoke issues from the craters, and slight shocks are felt.

THE new Commercial Treaty between France and England is particularly satisfactory to John Bull.

THE Governor of Mazatlan, Mexico, was recently assassinated. Domingo Rubi is his successor.

A BRUSSELS journal mentions that the Prussian Government has just ordered 50,000 rifles from a firm at Liege.

THE most destructive fire which has occurred for ten years in Memphis, Tenn., took place last week. Loss, \$210,000.

THE Turkish Government has decided to establish preparatory schools in all towns containing 500 or more families.

THE office in which Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel studied law, at Franklin, N. H., is now a shoemaker's shop.

NEARLY one hundred printers are on a strike in New York, against a violation of their Union regulations in relation to apprentices.

RIOTS have taken place in Rhenish Prussia, on account of the expulsion of the Jesuits. The troops charged the people, wounding a number of them.

THE splendid Catholic Church of St. Lawrence, at Catasagua, Pa., was unroofed and the steeple destroyed during the hurricane of the 20th ult.

A COLLEGE in Indiana will, in future, use the early Christian Fathers as Latin text-books for the students, instead of Virgil, Caesar and the other classics.

ABOUT three-fourths of the railroad from Yokohama to Yeddo, a distance of seventeen miles, has been finished, and has cost, already, over \$120,000 a mile.

JACKSON, Mich., is to have a new iron bridge across Grand River in that city. It will be 66 feet long, and will contain 54,000,076 pounds of iron when completed.

THE cotton mills in the Southern States, now have 150,000 spindles in operation, and are paying from ten to twenty per cent. dividends on capitals ranging from \$100,000 to \$1,250,000.

AMONG the latest patent contrivances designed to stop runaway horses is a pair of blinders, by which the driver, on pulling a cord, instantly and effectually blindfolds the animal.

THE railway from Constantinople to Adrianople has been opened to the public for a distance of forty-five miles from the former city. The rest of the line is in course of construction.

IN 1870, Cuba exported 165,578,000 cigars, and in 1871, 161,272,000. The leaf exported in 1870 and 1871 was about 12,000,000 pounds each year, which was about half what has been exported some years.

CALLING out the fire department, on account of too great a supply of water, is a novel proceeding in Boston. Yet it was done the other afternoon ; and the steam engines saved a great deal of property from destruction by the flood.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has decided that vessels engaged in trade between the United States, Mexico and West Indies, should pay a tonnage tax on the first clearance or entry after the expiration of certificate of last payment.

THE corner-stone of a new church was laid with the usual ceremonies in presence of a large congregation at Hewlett Station, Long Island, on the evening of the 20th ult. The lot, 60x100 feet, was donated by Mr. Daniel Longworth. "The Lord loveth the cheerful giver."

BEES consume large quantities of water when building comb and raising brood. Want of water is one of the causes of dysentery among bees. A bucket or trough filled with water, with a few pieces of old comb or sticks for the bees to alight upon and drink in safety should be kept near the hives.

THE receipts from duties at the port of New York, for the first six months of this year were \$110,603 over the receipts of the corresponding period of last year. But the July receipts were nearly \$4,700,000 less than for July, 1871. The foreign commerce of that port for the same six months this year was \$40,000,000 greater than for the corresponding six months of 1871.

New cotton is being received at Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Memphis and other

ports now quite liberally. The crop is much more forward than usual, and although there are some complaints from certain sections, yet, as a whole, there is surprisingly little grumbling. The prospects of an early marketing of the crop already impart an air of bustle to all the southern cities, and merchants are furnishing and replenishing their stocks in anticipation of a prosperous fall trade.

THE meat question is becoming a very serious one in England. Mass meetings are being held in various parts of the country to protest against the high price of meat, and to devise means of either reducing it, or to largely abstain from its use. The agitation points to early alteration in the land and game laws, by which large tracts of country that could be under cultivation are now exclusively used for preserving game and other luxuries of the landed aristocracy.

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

A RICH lead mine has been found near Elko. THEY have had a biting frost in Scott's Valley, Siskiyou County.

GENERAL GEO. B. McCLELLAN and family left for the East on Monday.

THE wool market for fall clip amounts to nothing, and but little wool will be sheared.

THE railroad company are sending Chinese laborers up on the California and Oregon road.

AN exceedingly rich and extensive quartz ledge was struck a few days since, near Georgetown, in El Dorado County.

A FOOT of snow fell, in places, on the summit of the Sierras, on Tuesday last. This, for that locality, is the earliest snow-storm on record.

STEPS have been taken in Sacramento for the condemnation of the land east of the State Capitol, which it is proposed to use for the purpose of the State Park.

THE Fair of the Sonoma and Marion District Agricultural Society opened on Monday, and will continue for six days. A large amount of premiums are offered.

AT Pleasant Valley, in El Dorado County, is situated the largest mill for the manufactory of doors, sashes and blinds on the Pacific Coast, made from the best sugar-pine in the world, which still abounds in that portion of the State.

THE wind and rain-storm at Temacula, San Bernardino County, on Monday, August 26th, was terrific. Houses were unroofed, trees uprooted, corn crops laid level with the ground, cattle left the plains and fled to the mountains, and things upset generally. Temacula River was overflowed and rose higher than is known within the recollection of the oldest Indian.

A BEAUTIFUL specimen of the refined borax made at the works lately established at Hot Springs, eighteen miles east of Wadsworth, on the line of the Central Pacific Railway, in the State of Nevada, was brought to the Alta office Monday. If the translucency of the material, and the regularity and large size of the crystals are indications of excellence, this should be of the best quality.

RESOLVO SANFORD, about a mile south of Pacheco, has six acres of corn which is likely to prove a profitable crop. It is estimated by competent judges, that the yield of shelled corn from the field will not be less than fifty bushels per acre, and Sanford thinks the stalks and fodder from each acre will not be less than seven tons, and will be equal in value, for feeding, to four tons of hay.

THE Marysville Appeal says: "Wood has never been so scarce as at this season. But little was cut last year on account of the heavy rains. Most of the wood along the line of the railroad has been bought by parties at Sacramento, and is being shipped to that city, live oak bark being worth \$12 per cord there. Wood-dealers are asking \$6 for white oak, and \$7 for live oak on our streets."

ON Friday afternoon last, Hunt Ryers, of Grand Island, Colusa County, was thrown from his horse and injured, it is thought, fatally. On the same evening, James Mesick, Deputy Sheriff of Colusa, was thrown from his horse and severely injured. On the Sunday previous, J. P. Bainbridge, of the same county, was thrown from his horse, and is still confined to his house from the effects of the fall.

[Births Marriages and Deaths will be inserted free of charge, and our friends will please send them in to us. Such announcements must be accompanied by a responsible name. — ED. GUARDIAN.]

DIED.

RECK—In this city, September 10th, Teresa Reck, a native of California, aged 12 years.

ANDERSON—In this city, September 10th, Mrs. T. B. Anderson, a native of Ireland, aged 45 years.

LEVALL—In this city, September 9th, Anthony A. Levall, a native of Belnegh, County Mayo, Ireland, aged 30 years. [Irish papers please copy.]

KELLEY—In this city, September 10th, Dennis Kelly, a native of Port Magee, County Kerry, Ireland, aged 89 years. [New York and Brooklyn papers please copy.]

NOTICE!

NOTICE!

NOTICE!

The Public are Respectfully Informed
that

THE GREAT SEMI-ANNUAL
CLEARANCE SALE

OF
DRY GOODS,

AT
J. J. O'BRIEN'S,

606 Market Street,

IS now drawing to a close, and all who intend to avail
themselves of the extraordinary inducements now
offered, had better call immediately, for you can effect
a saving of

50 Cents on the Dollar!

We will offer during the next week
75 pieces Heavy French striped Silks, all colors, \$1 a
yard; reduced from \$1.75.
24 pieces Plain Colored Silks, \$1.50 a yard; reduced
from \$2.25.
Our entire stock of Black Silks reduced fully 40 per
cent.
80 pieces fine French Poplin (sold for Irish), 87½ cents
a yard; reduced from \$1.25.
38 pieces real Irish Poplin, (Dublin) \$1.25 a yard; well
worth \$2.00.
15 pieces best Japanese Silks, 65 cents a yard; reduced
from \$1.
90 pieces Silk-finished Japanes, Poplins, 37½ cents a
yard; reduced from 50 cents.
Our entire stock of

SPRING DRESS GOODS

Reduced to half price, consisting of several thousand
yards, at 12½, 15, 20 and 25 cents a yard.
A splendid line of Black Alpaca, from 25 cents a yard
upward.
75 pieces best Black Fullard, 62½ cents a yard; reduced
from \$1.
15,000 yards Plain Black and Striped Grenadines, from
20 cents a yard upward.
A beautiful assortment of STRIPED SHAWLS, new
styles, from \$3.50 upward.
All our Broche Shawls reduced to half-price.
250 pieces splendid French Lawns for 12½ cents a
yard; warranted fast colors.
200 pieces White and Colored Pique, from 20 cents a
yard upward.
1 case Heavy Bordered Pique, 20 cents a yard; same as
is sold for 50 cents.
400 pairs Blankets, from \$2.50 a pair upward.
1,000 White and Colored Marseilles Spreads, from \$1.25
upward.
5,000 dozen, all-linen, Napkins, \$1 a dozen; reduced
from \$1.75.
800 dozen all-linen Doilies, 60 cents a dozen; reduced
from 75 cents.
6,000 dozen all-linen Towels, from \$1 a dozen upward.
75 pieces Heavy Scotch Table Linen for 35 cents a
yard; reduced from 50 cents.
460 pieces Heavy Linen Crash, 8 cents a yard; reduced
from 12½ cents.
164 pieces 4-4 Irish Linen, 25 cents a yard; reduced
from 37½ cents.
180 pieces Nottingham Lace, 25 cents a yard; reduced
from 40 cents.
40 pieces Plaid Flannel Shirting, 15 cents a yard; re-
duced from 30 cents.
2 bales all-wool White Flannel, 25 cents a yard; worth
40 cents.
200 pieces Brown and White Canton Flannel, 16½
cents a yard; worth 25 cents.
750 pieces Scotch Diaper, \$1 a piece; reduced from
\$1.75.
38 pieces Boys' Cloths, 50 cents a yard; reduced from
75 cents.
All makes of Muslins and Sheetings at greatly reduced
prices.
A splendid line of Corsets, from 50 cents a pair upward.
750 Ladies' Balbriggans, \$6 a dozen; reduced from \$9.
500 dozen Jovvin's Kid Gloves, \$1.25 a pair; reduced
from \$1.50.
175 dozen Joseph's Undressed Kid Gloves, slightly
soiled, 35 cents a pair; reduced from \$1.
All makes of American Prints, 10 cents a yard.
A large lot of Ladies' and Gent's Underwear, slightly
soiled, half price.
A call respectfully solicited.

J. J. O'BRIEN,
606 Market Street, Near Montgomery.
10,000 yards Remnants on Center Table, to be
sold for one quarter-price. my25-6m

NEW STYLES,
LATEST NOVELTIES.

J. W. TUCKER & CO., Jewelers, Nos. 101 and
103 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, offer for
the Holidays the largest and best selected stock of Fine
Goods ever offered in this market or any other.

GEO. W. WOODS & CO'S

Parlor and Vestry Organs.



Pre-eminent for

Beauty and Purity of Tone,
THEIR CHARMING SOLO STOPS

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ELEGANT DESIGN AND FINISH.

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GRAY'S MUSIC STORES,

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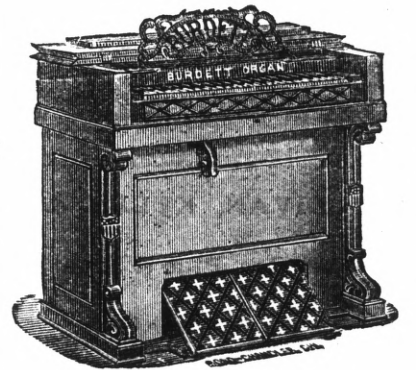
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of Sheet-Music, Books, and Instruments, to be
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Agency for the leading Instruments, STEINWAY &
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Liberal discounts made to Churches, Schools, and
Clergymen. Special Illustrated Catalogue of Instru-
ments mailed free, on application.
Just published, Gray's "Catalogue of Music for 1872."

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ORGAN BUILDERS.

ESTABLISHED in 1868. Organs built in the most
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Nos. 315, 316, 318 and 320 East 39th St., New York.

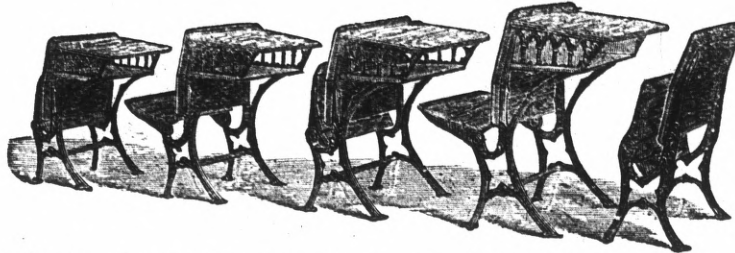
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MANUFACTURERS of Church Organs, with all
the modern improvements, including their cele-
brated PATENT PNEUMATIC COMPOSITION
MOVEMENTS.

Small organs on hand, completed, or nearly so, suit-
able for small churches and chapels. Orders for tuning
and repairing promptly executed. For further particu-
lars, send for circular.
408 and 409 West Forty-second Street, near Ninth
Avenue, New York.

NEW GOTHIC SCHOOL DESKS AND SEATS.

With Curved Backs and Folding Curved Slats.



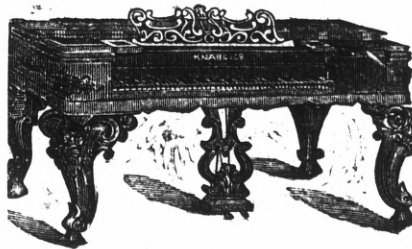
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HAVE an unrivalled reputation throughout the great
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of tone, perfect action, thorough workmanship, and ex-
traordinary durability. A fine stock of them is on
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Piano-Forte, the GEORGE Piano-Forte, the "LITTLE
BEAUTY" Piano (a perfect gem, and low priced) and
Lunan's German UPRIGHT PIANOS.

THE PRINCE ORGANS

are the most popular instruments made, for Parlor,
Chapel, Lodge or School-room. Nearly 50,000 of
these are now in use. Prices from \$60 to \$450. A good
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Sheet Music & Music Books.

A large and increasing stock kept on hand and
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SEWING MACHINE.

THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.



Patent Renewed on Perfection.

THE TIME HAS COME WHEN WHEELER &
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perfection. This, each and every woman in the land
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require one hand and one foot to do any kind of work
perfectly.

BEWARE OF IMPOSTERS! If you want a Family
Sewing Machine, buy the WHEELER & WILSON.
Be sure you get a Wheeler & Wilson. Examine the
stamp upon the cloth plate; it should read: "Wheeler
& Wilson's Mfg Co. A. B. Wilson, Pat." Every Sew-
ing Machine should be sold on its own merits. Parties
endeavoring to palm off other Sewing Machines under
the great reputation of this machine, will be dealt with
according to law. Buy no family sewing machines of
traveling agents, unless they can show you a letter
signed "W. M. STODDARD, Agent for the Pacific
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MANUFACTURE Type, Presses and Printing
Office Furniture. And import all the newest
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Will sew Everything Needed in
a Family, from the Heaviest
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IT DOES MORE WORK,

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AND BETTER WORK,

Than any other Machine.

IF THERE IS A FLORENCE SEWING MA-
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not working well and giving entire satisfaction, if I am
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A FARM CONTAINING THREE HUNDRED
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Also, a Farm of 200 acres. Hill lands. A very de-
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Also, several small tracts near town, suitable for
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Also, several desirable Dwelling Houses.
Also, unimproved Building Lots in Santa Cruz.

Terms easy. Apply to

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Buildings fitted up with gas, water and steam pipes,
at the lowest market rates. All work warranted. At-
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deliers, Brackets, Pendants, Fancy Basins, Marble
Slabs, Copper Boilers, etc. Sole agents for the Pacific
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THE CALIFORNIA LLOYDS,

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Cash Capital, \$750,000 Gold
Assets Exceed \$1,000,000 Coin

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PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF LOSSES,

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THE
STATE INVESTMENT
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U. S. GOLD COIN, in 2,000 shares of \$100 each.
Payments in Four Installments, of Twenty-five
(25) per cent each, in Gold Coin. Fire, Marine and
Inland Navigation Insurance.

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San Francisco, November 2d, 1872.

HIBERNIA

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Remittances from the country may be sent
through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express Office,
or any reliable banking house; but this society
will not be responsible for their safe delivery.

The signature of the depositor should accompany his first deposit.

A proper pass-book will be delivered to the agent by whom the deposit is made.

Deposits received from \$1 to \$8,000.
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RECEIVE General and Special Deposits in Gold
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Telegraphic Transfers made on New York.

Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

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THE SAN FRANCISCO GAS COMPANY hereby
gives notice, that the Government Tax of twenty-
five cents per thousand feet having been removed, the
price of gas on streets which are supplied by opposition
companies will be reduced, from and after the FIRST
DAY OF AUGUST, to

One Dollar and Sixty Cents
(\$1.60) per Thousand Feet.

On other streets, the price will be reduced, from same
date, to THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS
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SISTERS OF MERCY.

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In the wards, per week, \$10 00

In rooms, with one or more, per week, 15 00

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Liquors and washing extra.
Confinement cases, \$10 00 extra.
Money always refunded in case a patient leaves be-
fore the expiration of the month.

Female Societies are not required to pay in ad-
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San Rafael, Marin County, only 14 miles from
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THIS Hotel is now ready for the reception of guests
for the Summer season. Recent improvements
have been made, consisting of a Billiard Room 50x25
feet, and ten additional sleeping rooms, all handsomely
furnished. The House is provided with every conven-
ience for the comfort and pleasure of its guests, and
possesses all the appointments of a first-class Hotel. Its
proximity to the city, together with the convenience of
access, combined with the beauty of the surrounding
scenery and the well-known salubrity of the climate of
San Rafael, offer a combination of attractions possessed
by but few localities in the State.

The Hotel Omnibus will be in readiness at the depot
on the arrival of every train, and will convey passengers
and baggage to and from the House free of charge.
my25-tt R. PARDOW, Jr.

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BUSH STREET,

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Adjoining the New Mercantile Library.

TERMS: \$2.00 PER DAY.

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The Coach, plainly marked "BROOKLYN HOTEL,"
will be at the Railroad Depots and Steamboat Landings,
to convey guests to the Hotel, free of charge.
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THIS NEW, LARGE AND COMMODIOUS
Hotel has been thoroughly renovated by the well-
known proprietor, M. FARRELL, late proprietor of
the Brooklyn House, where he will be happy to receive
his numerous friends and the public in general. Thank-
ful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance
of their future patronage.

There is a fire-proof safe in the House, where money
and valuables can be kept at the risk of the proprietor.
The Central House Coach will be at each car depot and
steamboat landing, to convey passengers to the House
free of charge.

Price of board to suit the times.
Parties sending for their friends to the States, or who
expect any, will please notify MICHAEL FARRELL,
and he will attend to them on their arrival, and forward
them to their friends with due care, and thus save much
trouble.

The strictest attention will be paid to the comfort of
the patrons of this House.

MICHAEL FARRELL, Proprietor.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

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CORNELIUS MALONEY - - - Proprietor.

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THE United States Hotel has been thoroughly re-
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prietor is now able to provide his patrons and the public
with superior accommodations, on the most reasonable
terms.

Board, per week, \$4 00
Board and Lodging, per week, \$5 to \$6 00
Board and Lodging, per day, \$1 00

Parties who have sent to the States for friends, or who
expect friends, will please notify C. Maloney, and he will
attend to them on arrival, and forward them with due
care to their destination. By this means much may be
saved and much inconvenience avoided.

A Library is attached to the House for the use of its
patrons; also, a fire-proof safe, where money and other
valuables are taken charge of at the risk of the pro-
prietors.

An omnibus, with the name of the Hotel thereon,
will be at the wharf to convey passengers to the Hotel
free of charge. jet-tf

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Where they offer for sale

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

PAINTS,

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ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

At the Lowest Market Rates.

101, 103, 105 FRONT STREET,

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Clerical Suits always on hand.

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AT the lowest market prices, of the best quality, de-
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For sale by
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610 Larkin Street, between Ellis and Eddy.

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ARCHITECT, N. E. COR. MONTGOMERY
and Pine Streets. Rooms No. 12 and 13, San
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COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 818 BATTERY
Street, San Francisco. Wool, Hides, Leather,
Tallow, Sheep, Goat, Fox, Coon and Cat Skins, and all
kinds of Furs sold on commission. Liberal advances
made on Consignments, and prompt returns made at
good prices.

MARBLE WORKS.

JOHN DANIEL & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF
J and dealers in Monuments, Headstones, Tombs,
Mantel Pieces, Table Tops, Counter Tops, Plumbers'
Slabs, Imposing Stones, etc., at lowest prices. 421
Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San
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PRACTICAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS.
Barstow's Burial Caskets always on hand, and
Agents for Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases.
Everything necessary for funerals kept constantly on
hand. Orders from the country will receive prompt
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Office:—651 Sacramento Street, between Kearny and
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FRED' C CLAY & WESKE BROS.

WE desire to call your attention to our PATENT
STEAM CRACKER, CAKE and SHIP BIS-
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Battery Street, San Francisco.